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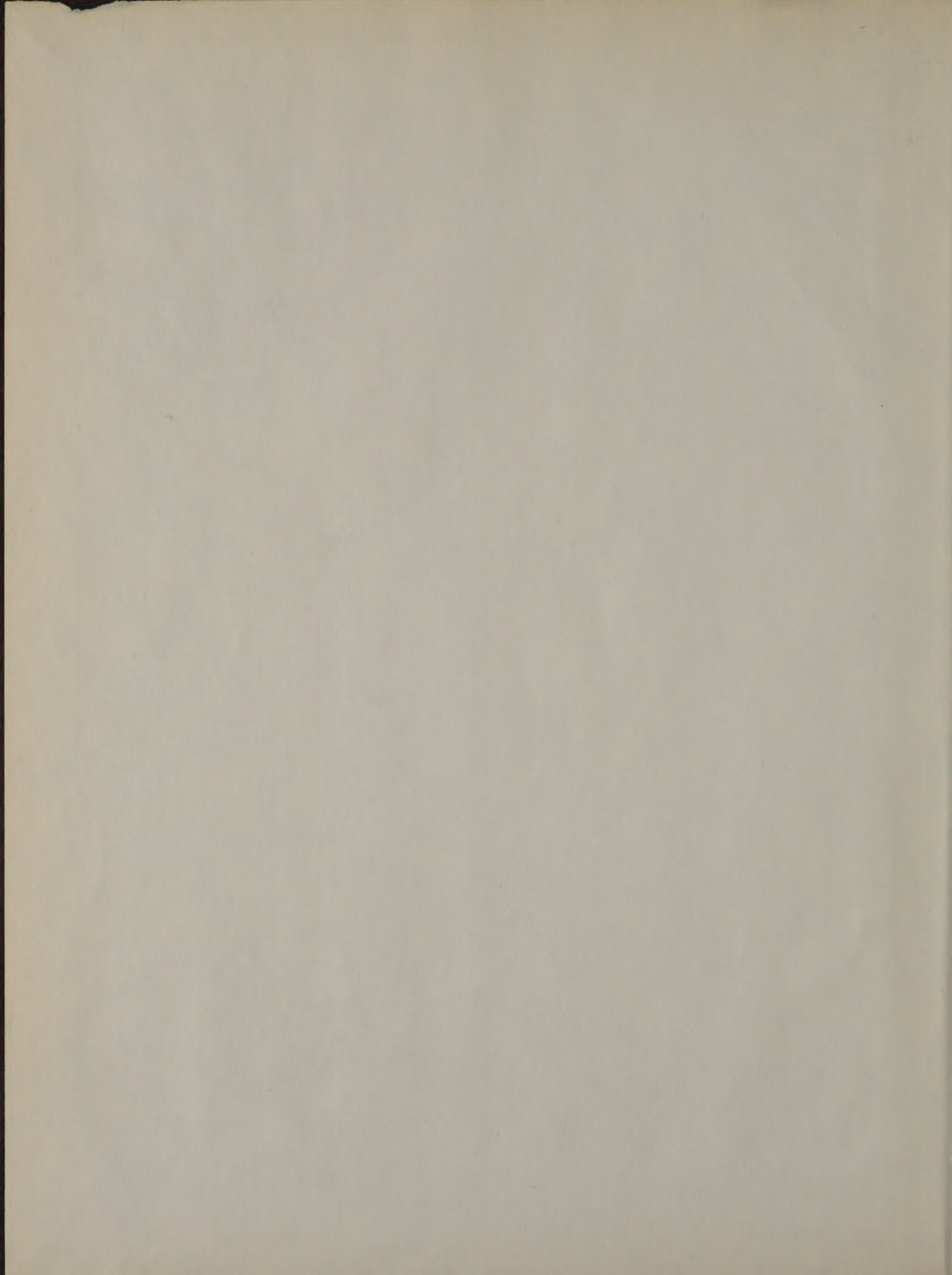


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MEMOIRS

OF

NIXON RUSH

FAIRMOUNT, INDIANA

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To WHICH IS APPENDED- NIXON RUSH, A TRIBUTE

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For some time I have believed it to be right and good for me to pen down a little of my Lifes history some of the thrilling event of an interesting carrier of more than seventy years, many things that no one can tell but myself -- which I hope will be of interest to my Children and Grand Children.

I was Born at the Homestead in the old Log House that my Father built when He first emigrated to this County -- on the 30th day of 3 mo 1836 of good Parentage

My Father was born in Randolph Co North Carolina 14 day of 1st mo 1807 His Father was Azel Rush He was born in Randolph Co N C 8 mo 4, 1780 Azel Rush was Married to Elizabeth Beckerdite 1795 (1806) to Them was born 7 Children Grand Mother Died 1818 was buried at the foot of Shepards Mountain North East in the Midst of a nice grove I visited the Grave in 1905 a nice slab with Name Mark the resting place

Azel Rush Father was Benjamin Rush He was the son of Crafford and Marry Rush They lived in Culpepper Co Virginia I do not know anything about their lives or caracter or Parantage -- Benjamin my great Grand Father was born in Culpepper Co Virginna 19th of 4th mo 1752 Married to Dorcus Vickery 12th of 1st mo 1772 She lived in Randolph Co N C -- here They resided and raised a large Family of six sons and two Daughters all lived to gret age resolute quick in thought and action good constitution able Bodied They left a large Family of descendants It was my good pleasure to visit quite a number in Their homes eat at their tables sleep in their Beds They possess the quality to make one feel at Home I felt good we enjoyed our visit nearly all had good Homes of Their Own

My Father was Born a few miles east of Shepards Mountain where my Grand Father owned a large Farm it was a treat to me to drink out of the same spring that my Father so often talked about here is where my Father played in the same old Fields there ran the same beutiful Creek the noted fishing holes and swimming Ponds, a grand home for a Boy There stood the same Woods and clusters of trees in the midst of romance mountains and vallies

I have often heard my Grand Father say that Father was an unusual industrious Boy the first Born of a large family put to work very young of a good strong constitution with an active Mind I well remember His storys of the old way of Farming the difficulties and privation of a Mountain Country Grand Father Land extended on Shepards Mountain also to Potato Mountain it was customary to let the Hogs roam over the Mountains all summer then late in the fall to collect and feed near Home in those days plenty of game which gave Him pasttime and employment

Schools very poor the nearest two miles way He acquired a liberal education My Grand Father joined Friend before my Father was borned He acquired the habit of going to Meeting though living some six or seven Miles away it became a pleasure to my Father to go to Meeting which proved a Wonderful Blessing to Him all through life He Heard so much old time preaching eloquent and spiritual that such an effect on His young and tender Mind

F 18. II

He was converted and saved Stood loyal to the Church as long as He lived While He was lively and chearful at times yet at times very serious I never heard Him Whissel but one time That was when He started on a deer hunt His dress was old stile very plain When Father was ten years of age His mother took sick and Died just at an age when He stood in need of a Mothers love and parantage He Morned the loss The bereavement was so great and severe He was much cast down Had to serve being the oldest of the Family

Grand Father soon Married a Woman by the name of White a very good Woman Lady in every way good to Father a great Blessing to the Home Soon a second Family began to appear, again the responsibilities of life was somewhat changed Though He remained Steadfast till He was 21 about that time or two or three years before their came from the Lower Part of N Carolina four young Woman (I think he means upper part of N.C., says Myra) By the name of Bogue I do candidly believe that they were as fine a lot of Woman as ever lived -- however Father began to pay his respects to Elizabeth resulted in a Marage Contract which took place according to Friends Costom at Back Creek Randolp Co N.C. 13 day of 8 mo 1829 in the presence of a large company of people from all parts of the country

What a sollem hour a momentious time a time fraught with great interest, the beginning of a New era, when they stood up took each other by the Hand facing a large company promising in the presance of the Lord and before the people to be true to each other untill death shall separate

Little did They know of the obligation and the full meaning of that event the oncoming chain joy gladness sorrow grief disappointment groans and Death

As Louisa and I stood by the same desk in the same place I could but think how easy They signed their names, Iredell Rush Elizabeth Rush

To Think that every nale that was driven in the old House was wraught and hamered out by hand What a change will take place in a few years

Uncle Mathew and Aunt Anna Winslow was married at the same time in the same House Anna was Mothers sister

The new married couples visited around two weeks Father in that time had Bought a good Gray Horse a one Horse Wagon Uncle and Aunt doing about the same, as they had prearranged and determaned to emigrate to Indiana Now their one Horse Wagons full and ready on the 21 day of 8 mo 1829 in the presance a large company They bid for good Friends and relative an affectionate farewell animated with bright prospects and hopeful to find the Golden Land of Corn and Wheat -- Started in good health an undouted courage but little Money a few cooking utensils a bed few quilts something to eat -- leap into the unseen -- Land of their fancy the dream Land Crossing over Mountains Hills and Vallies Fording deep Rivers in times of high waters at the very Peral of Life all for a future Home

They traveled together as far as Richmond Ind here they seperated Aunt Anna and Uncle Mathew came direct to Back Creek to join in company with those that came the year before -- with good wisdom and forethought Father and Mother said We will stop in Wane Co Ind if we go on to Grant Co we will have no cleared ground What will we do, Father went to Derby



rented a farm of a Man by the name of Horner near Derby Meeting House that just suited Mother, They attended Meeting twice a week found warm Friends that was very kind and good Made them feel at Home Father was very successful his crop did well abundance of harvest good garden old sow raised nice lot of Pigs also young chickens Her my Brother John was born The Joy of Home all the year of 1830 was spent here about the new year they began to plan for Grant, in the 3 mo 1831 they sold their crop began at once to pack their one Horse Wagon full of stuff Father Hired a Man with a team to hawl a little corn and pork a pig a few chickens Mother and Boy Baby and cat snugly fixed seated in the one Horse covered Wagon Father Dog Cow and Calf walked, in the time of a big snow as I have heard my Mother tell so often a very cold trip through dense forest though the roads was solled and very good for the time of year

That was a Hapy day when They Landed at the Home of Joseph Winslow, He had settled on Back Creek in fact named the creek after old Back Creek of N Carolina He had entered a large tract of Land his Boys had got Homes around Him Uncle Mathew was living in his little cabin near Back Creek Meeting House Father and Mother stoped their for awhile, what a good time they had in that humble Home

As Father came all the way to find a Home he began to look -- as Uncle Seth Winslow lived the farthes south of any one else all the Land above was vacant. Father made up his mind to enter 40 acres just south of Winslows With \$50.00 to buy 40 acres of Land He started to Fort Wayne to buy a Home He made the Trip Horse Back bad roads very cold and stormy The land was secured He came home a happy Man

Father and Mother could not have found Such a jungle of Brush saplings tall towering trees of allmost every variety. It seemes like a dream when I think of the dense Forest in our country great trees close to our cabin When but a lad I could see the drove of Deer running through the thick Woods the old Bucks with their great Head of Horns with their nose stuck strate out the Horns resting on their backs then a gang of turkeys running to get out of the way forest or big fires cattle broussing the ax all together thined out the jungle

The Land was heavy timbered large oak poplar sycamore shugar trees Elm With the Ax the Forest gave a way a little spot was cleared off logs cut Houseplaned 18 x 20 logs scalped a nough to give appearance of house it was soon up and covered with 4 foot Bords split or rived out of oak cuts the Boards held on the House by means of Poles to hold them solled not a Nail used in the House in any way not a nail Bought for years They had to do without such things

The floor was made of slabs split of of nice Oak not a sawed plank in the county at that time the Chimney was made of Oak split sticks 3 feet long one inch square or near that one on top of another like a cob pen with clay morrter to protect from fire though sometimes buildings would get on fire and distroy Homes all the origional cabins was built in that way -- in about 5 weeks after they arived in this country the moved



in to their new Home a happy Family their fondest hopes realized a Home of our own, as yet no door except a big quilt to answer Father was compelled work from Home to acquire the necessities of life At one time He was late in returning home a little after dark Mother heard something walking around the house and snuffing She knew it must be a Wild Animal She fixed her little Boy as snugly as possible in Bed then stood with ax in hand at the quilt door to defend Her Home The animal would come near the door and prance around Soon she heard Father coming Home as He neared the House He could see the form of a great long animal that jumped on to a great big log began to gnaw the bark and make His teeth shatter Father rushed in to the House found Mother almost paralyzed the happiest meeting of their lives, The animal proved to be a large Panther It was not long till Father had a good door made out of strong rived or split Boards

Father was very apt with the gun He would stand in the door and shoot deer turkey was very plenty without much effort they had plenty of meat I took great delight in listening or hearing My Parents tell of their hardships and joys of early days

They would always claim the first 10 years of pioneer life was their Hapies days days of real joy, -- their garden was soon fenced off then a little field

The squirrels proved to be very troublesome in destroying the crops The old flint gun was made of great service in those days every Family had their Favourite dogs

Calvin was born in 1833 very strong and healthy grew very fast a happy Family people began to settle around as yet they had but 40 acres Father was very anxious to obtain the 40 acres due south then the 40 due west of that That would include the building site where we now live a stranger came along looking for Land Father watched Him closely He could see He had an eye for the Hill and 40 below,-- at once He tried to raise Money not having any of His own He was advised to go at once to Wayne Co and see the old Man Morman that handled Money, He started the same day or in the evening for Wayne Co traveled all night arrived at Mormans Home about 8 o'clock told the sad story Morman could see the situation told Him to sit down to Breakfast while He fixed up the note and got the Money then told Father to hurry up get that Hill The Horse was fed and a little rested so off they went for Fort Wayne traveling the rest of that day and nearly all night arrived in Fort Wayne about 8 o'clock went direct to the Land office No one as yet in the office Father stood at door promptly at nine the door was opened immediately the Land was entered then as He opened the door to go Home He met the stranger after the Land He was a little late

About that time a strange little Boy was born in the Rush Family on the 30 day of March 1836 At first they had no name for the little Boy After talking it all over and suggesting different names Father said we will call Him Nixon I had a poor start very small and slender, for the first three years doubtful Neighbours said you can't keep Him He will Die With vigilance my Dear Mother held to Me With proper care



close attention I began to grow and develop, can remember many things that happened when I was only about 4 years of age about this time our Farm had been very productive market poor Father said I will let my Farm rest one year and see what I can make by hunting, He commenced in March was very successful as game was plenty He found a sale for Venson turkeys was not so ready two many on Market Bees was doing well could be found mostly in tall Trees

I can well remember the large deer and Turkeys that would be brought in often He would kill a Deer hang Him up in a tree Then go back the next day with a Horse bring in the game, He would find His Bee trees Mark Them -- Then on a fixed day go around and cut them How glad and joyful I would be when the tubs of Honey would come in. I was then between 4 and 5 distinctly I can remember late in the fall the big covered Wagon standing close to our cabin Father and my Brothers loading in Honey Venson (of course dried) salted pork as we had Hogs that Fattened in the Woods Then Father started to Cincinnati all alone to sell His load He found the Market over loaded yet He disposed of all to good advantage by trading for things we stood in need of

Many things occurred about the year of 1840 a scourge of mad dogs invaded the country Mary Bembow was bitten that caused Her death She was an aunt to my son-in-law Edgar Baldwin -- The Porcupines were very numerous and troublesome as they were all covered with sharp quills The dogs would catch them as they were about the size of a large Coon of course the dogs' mouth would be full of sharp quills We had on hands big nippers When the dogs would get in a scrape of that kind His head was fastened down Sometimes we would fasten the head in the crack of a fence if the dog was large it would take three men The howling that took place was interesting to me -- This was about the time we bought our first Seth Thomas Clock a novelty to me

About this time my Mother was sanctified The event is plain as yesterday two old Preachers came from Wayne Co rode Horseback they came to our House hitched their Gray Horses just west of the House to a big oak limb As they walked in to the yard up to the old Cabin I remember their stately walk very plain we all called into the House to have Meeting I sat in the little chair The Meeting was open with prayer Then Preaching good advice was handed out freely I got tired went out of doors back of the House playing in the grass making little stacks Then I went back into the House Mother was crying All at once She began to Praise the Lord Then arose to Her feet slapping hands Then for joy began to laugh and praise the Lord a Wonderful Meeting to me

As yet we had no Sabbath Schools but to Meeting we must go to Back Creek I would often ride behind my Father a Horse back The Road went winding through the Woods at one time the Horse got frightened slammed my knee against a tree I felt as tho my knee was ruined I thought the Meetings would hold too long Sometimes business Meetings would hold a half day I could not see any use of it I thought they would talk too long about one thing I can see in My Mind plain those old Preachers



Plain in their long Coats standing in the gallery declairing the everlasting Gospel Their voice would ring Mellodius key up high then down low disscription in words

Sister Millicent was born in 1838 She was a lovely Baby round face Pretty Soon learned to talk ready to play Hapy hours we spent together

Father was a lover of sheep I think about 1841 He bought a Flock of about 30 before This time Wolves had been so bad Farmers did not Venture They began to want sheep

We had to corell them every night I soon learned My business to go after them put them in their pen, The pen not large but high so a Wolf could not climb over one night the got out Wolves got among them playing havvoc 6 killed out right others crippled Farmers organized in companys and killed them off thrilling stories and wonderful adventures would be repeated over and over, About this time an old Bear and Cubs were discovered a few miles west A company of Men enlisted Went to the Big Wods The soon found it was not a Joke When the Bears was found they had just left their den in search of food The two Cubs was fat yet outrun a man The Men would shoot as they ran without affect A flight of that kind for about 8 miles The old Mother would stay along with their cubs At last they came to a large oak tree climbing to the top

About 25 men on hands in seasonable distance the began to shoot Father with His old Flint lock had a good ame however the Cubs fell Soon Died The old Mother in view of the situation open Her Mouth a few times smacked Her Mouth drawing Hurself in a bunch fell to the ground Then to her feet with open Mouth They could Hear smacking of Teeth and snarly growl as she came swift and fast ready to make the final leap onely a few rods off the nearest Men just at rite time a ball penetrated Her Heart She dropped -- lef standing a hapy set of men Then the forest rang with yells Now not one of that company to tell the tale

On account of my long sickness when a little Boy my Parents indulged me a little in the year of 1841 I went with my Father to the White River Mill East of Anderson two miles as we came near the river the Read Clouds reflected in the Water I cawled out said its Red River not White River Father thee calls it White River it is as read as Blood look Father As we came to the ford we see a man trying to drive sheep across the river as the River was wide they would not go into the Water He would pick them up dash them way into the water I said He is Mad To me it looked cruel it was about dark when we arived at the Big Mill We slept in the Wagon The next Morning the Woman folks was so kind gave us something good to eat I think it pays to be kind to strangers when I returned to my Home I had a great many Things to tell about -- the big Wheelles that would role around un around mash the corn make meal, -- soon after this I went with Father to Wabash with a load of Peaches I was very much interested As we came in view of the big hills along the Wabash the Creeks and Rivers then the canell and fine Boats one Horse

would pull a large Boat then folks would make their Home and live in Boats just ride so easy, -- Boys was put to work very young in those days all on an equality all hard run had little Money, I was put to work young -- large trees standing all over the Fields limbs would blow off Bark scale and slide down the trees I had to fall in line pick up sticks trash of all kind I would get very tired or lazy I can remember so well watching the sun about 10 oclock I would often say see the Sun stands still. I would put in much of my time in watching the Birds one man said Nixon would do good work if He didnt look at Birds Studying their habits listening to their songs hundreds of times have I listened to see if I could find a moments time that I could not hear a Bird sing in the Summer time the Woods would chime with Melody not a moment but what some little warbler would be Happy I took great comfort in listening, Then I had my favourits The Blue Bird was very numerous tom tit and pewee was a ready songster nearby Cat bird whining Her Mou Wow with the Robbins old fashioned song Jay Bird in the tops of trees a neighbour to the Hawk and Crow not far off I could hear someone say Who Who Who Who I knew that was the old Owl, I did not like the Woodpecker family They were very numerous and cruel disstructive to fruit Though They could sing and make a noise in their Way

Then there was a very large kind of Wood Cock nearly as large as a Prairy Hen that had a course voice at this time nearly extinct, to me the Phesant made a lonesome lonesome noise Sounding like distant thunder With the coing of the Dove a solemn feeling would pervade my tender mind I Remember I would think of Heaven, above all the pidgeon took the lead in number Millions of them would visit our country in the spring and fall to me it was a halo of joy when the Pidgons would come about drove after drove so much so at times the Sun could not shine till they would pass. They would lite on Trees so Many brake off great limbs We had our different kinds of traps We would catch and eat Great numbers would light down in our Fields in search for food then fly over each other light down look like a roling revolving glissing high tide Wave

Quails were very numerous Their Bob White was to be heard from morning till night I was very fond of their eggs in cutting grass we would find a great Many one day we found 60 another day 96, often a drove of pheasants would fly around and light on the Chery trees near the House, in the Spring we could hear the Gobling of Wild Turkeys in the distance

The Chiming of Squirls and Their pecular Squack Squack was so common to be heard allmost constantly in the day time In the spring it was my lot to protect the corn from squirls and Birds, I would go around the Field before Breakfast and sound the alarm I could be heard Hooppee Shoe ye yo Show Show Shoe ye yo with the rattle trap in Hand That was made with a big Wheele with groves or notches That wheele fixed in a frame a board or slat $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot long fixed so as you turn the Wheele with a crank it would make a ratling noise it was not heavy so I could carry it with me and make all the noise to my desire

After all this the different kinds of Squirls and Birds would take every Hill so we would have to replant 3 and 4 times to get a stand of Corn. The Squirls would have their Homes in large trees in different places in the Field Their they would take the corn late corn they would not trouble so much from the fact by that time they would go to the Woods and give us a little rest

One day when my Father was returning from Jonesboro He spied a large Eagle on the old School House Chimney as quick as possible He got His gun Thento, or as near as Possible, with good aim the Eagle dropped, I remember though a very small Boy Father coming Home the great Bird in Hand, He Measured 7 feet from tip to tip with big head and large eyes -- Then His feet and legs full of Porquepines quills showing sometime or other that He had tackled a big Porquepine. I remember in the year 1841 Father Built a New House wheir the Present House Stands it was a treat to us children to Move out of the old cabin into the new House The Building made out of large logs 3 feet wide 6 inches thick Made a nice House Poplar timber used altogether The House was built in the Woods a few trees cut down to give room for The Building The timber to the South was thick and tall Beutiful For that day it was somewhat showey above averag We valued our Home Many association cluster around my mind when I think of My Dear Mother looking after so many Children cooking altogether in the old fashion way in the old oven Frying Pan by a Fire as yet we had no stove none in the country the House was surrounded by a beutiful Grove of small timber Shugar Chery Linn Elm could not have been a nicer building spot found in the World the trees all about the same size everything to make a Hapy Family as yet not much sickness No Deths in our Family Thomas R was born the 30 day of 5 mo 1841 a very healthy smart Boy took learning fast very quick to get His lessons a lovely Boy portly Had a Masterly Mind a good constitution a Wonderful Memory promising to be a useful Man Thomas was kind to all one of the best natured persons I ever knew or acquainted with I never knew Him to get angry He would take everything easy in good humer in the Fall of 1860 He and I were at work cutting Bushes across or east of the Creek when He was taken with a severe pain in His arm I told Him to lay down on the green grass He soon told Me He would have to go to the House He lived but a few days Died with Bone Lresypolis Died 31st day of 10 mo 1860

Jane Rush was Born 25 day of 11 mo 1843 Died 4 mo 2 1865 She diferent in Many Ways from Brother Thomas very industrius of a Motherly disposition Jane had a host of warm Friends, She was promes to be Married to Thomas Wilson He Died in the Army That so affected Her that Weakened so that Brain fever soon took Her Life

Anna W Rush was born the 5 day of 8 mo 1846 She was a very beautiful Girl round face rosy cheeks lively disposition of a good Strong Body took to Her Books ready became a good scollar Married to Cyrus Harvy 2d mo 15th 1866 They moved to Kansas Settled near Galena on Spring River They Bought a Farm seemed to be prosperous untill she took sick and Died 29 day of 6 mo 1867 She was Buried in Friends Buring Ground Spring River

Mary E Rush was born 24th day 1st mo 1850 of course she was pet of our Family we all loved Her She was our little Girl Father and Mother fondled over Her She had the advantage in schooling good schools nearby She acquired a good education on the 11th day of 11th mo 1875 she was Married to Robert Carter Robert and Mary is now living in Texas He has been for many years a Preacher Minister of the Gospel Presenting the cause of Christ in a very forceful Manner I have great love and respect for my Dear Brother and Sister

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I want to tell a little more about my Boyhood days I think it was in the year 1843 I had a Favourite Cur Dog that would go with Me wherever I would go good Dog to hunt, My Brother Calvin and I took a hunt around in the Woods Then in the Field as we sat down under a Walnut tree I had been playing with Dog as I was laying down on the Ground I found a little round worm I gave it a Thump it went directly in to my Dogs mouth -- He bounced me with a terrible growl knowing my Head Arms and Body all the time growling as tho He was fighting a Dog I was helpless He roaled me over and over in the mean time Calvin Ran towards Home I remember hearing Him scream I thought the Dog was killing Me -- Then He let me alone I could hardly git up I started to run home I could see noone about I looked back The Dog was at my heels I thought He was going to bounce me again The Blood was running down my face all over my clothing I looked back again The Dog was at my heels I cried screamed and hollowed just as I crossed the Branch I looked toward the House I could see Mother and Maryan (a girl living at our house) coming Mother was crying Maryan with both hands lifted up screaming to top of Hur Voice The could see I was Bloody Bloody all over They gathered me up in Their arms as They took me in to the House laid me on the Bed My mind was at once dethroned I did not regain my mind for 3 days I lay in a stupor The first thing that Mother did after I was put in Bed was to send for Aunt Sary Rich She was a wonderful Woman among Children with a great Heart a great Herb Doctor I believe she saved my life -- in the meantime Father came Home learning of the sad trouble walked directly to the Gunrack took down the Gun and Shot the Dog Dr Lomax did all He could to keep down Blood Poison I was a sufferer Maney scars was left all over my Body some will remain as long as I live, after I had recovered so I could go about a board dropped on my Head hurt the old wound over caused profused Bleeding every means used to stop the Blood that could be thought of everything faling untill an old Man said go and get Puff Ball take the dust or Puff it on the Wound That checked the flow of Blood -- it left me so weak that I had to stay in Bed for 3 or 4 days Soon after that I took the Scarlet Fever which reduced me down to a allmost skelletion Dr Lomax said I could not get well Dr said not worth while for Him to come again as it would be an expence. So Father Bought my Shroud for Burial Finally my Dear Mother found use for my shroud made in clothing

In those days every person that Died was wrapped in a Winding Sheet 10 or 12 feet long When they began to dress the Dead in Citizens Clothing their was opposition to it person contending that it looked like dressing the corpse to travel, -- before I took the scarlet Fever I was uncommon active could clime trees all over the top, clime the Barn inside and out crawl through cracks I got my Head fast at one time had to swing around for a while, could stand on the ground whurl over and light on my feet turn handsprings Whurl over on they Hay After the Fever I could hardly run My joints stiff in fact I was left a wreck my Stomach so impaired from the use of strong Medisin that it failed to digest food my sistom for a long time hardly could work

I started to school in my 7 year Walked 1½ miles to a Log Scool House The Fireplace was old fashioned six feet wide in cold wether the Big Boys would role in big Logs and make a great fire The floor was made of split Puncheons our seats of split logs with auger holes and sticks drove in for legs nothing to lean against 8 Boys on a Bench all

all humped over a crooked set swinging their legs under the Bench Then for windows a log cut out at the north and east with paper paste over to give light and keep out cold in warm wether the Paper would be removed glass was hard to buy and very costly

At the door we had a shelf when we wished to go out doors we would put our Books on the Shelf -- we had many occation to go out doors On one occation I placed my Book on the Shelf went out around the House Lee Fairington Hand was hanging out at the window -- Thinks I now is the time for a joke -- I picked up a slender Switch and gave it a Whurl struck His nuckle at once I heard Him yell out to top of His voice Oh lightning. then I ran for life. The teacher came running out Say Nixon Stop Stop at onc I stood still He came with His long Whip Nixon stand up strate I stood He gave Me a lesson that I have not forgotton Snakes was plenty in those days The School Boys would find a big Black Snake 5 or 6 feet long We would have a great time with Him Then hang the old snak in a tree to mak it rain While in school one day a Big Snake was stretched out in a crack of the House just over my Head a little Boy cryed out Snake Snake Snake I looked up could see his big eyes I jumped up and said snake snake then all the school cried out snake we soon had Him out of doors, -- The subject of education was not talked about We all undervalued the Worth of it and what it is to us in life A little trifel would keep us at Home, my average schooling each year was about tree months. corn to gather Fence to make or repair I will not reflect on my parrents They were good no Child had better parrents than myself

Finally their was a school House built on the north side of our Farm on Uncle Seth Winslows Land Made out of logs after the old stile only a better House plank Floreing a long desk across the room on the North side of the room that gave us Boys a good chance to study geography and play I had learned to make picturs had a natural taste for Art the Children would have Me to make picturs of all kinds such as Hogs Cats Dogs Birds Monkeys Babys Boys Men One day a committy came to the school and talked to the Teacher about it and said I would have to leave school or quit drawing so I had to quit, and lost my interest in drawing, We had a certain time each day to spell and read out loud Then we would make the old House roar Such a good time we would have in competition our voices loud and musical I remember so well the visitors that would come to see the School and to Talk to us We heard a lot of good advice Then the Friends Monthly Meeting had a standing committy to visit all of the schools in the Country They would come around once a Month and pray with us and talk and give good advice I remmember well

A custom had been handed down to make The Teacher treat on Chrismas Day it was our wish and delight for Christmas to come so we could have a good time A few days beforeChristmas we would lay our plans The Bigger Boys would take the lead on Christmas morn They would be at the School House in good time make a fire and wait Then you could see the teacher come santering along of course expecting trouble From ten to twenty five Boys and Girls would be inside of the room a Big Boy at the door to make the demand -- treat or be ducked -- then all the Boys and Girls would rush out of doors around the teacher Somtimes He would quietly submit and buy Candy or a Bushel of Apples Most generally with Apples as they were very good and scarce One of our Teachers turned around and went Home all hands took after Him He outran As He ran dismissed the School said He would be back tomorrow I claim pay for my days work One teacher refused to treat The Boys gathered Him took Him to the Creek cut a hole in the ice He beged said I will

treat I remmember on one occation our teacher came late with a bushel of Apples Threwed Them on the Snow or Scattered Them Then the scrambling for Apples We would all respect the Teacher that would treat -- Before we had steel pens we had to write with Goose quills The Teacher had to Make our pens it was their business to know how to make a good pen They took pride in the Buisness I remember watching the teacher with a dozen quills and fine pen knife at work how careful He would scrape the quill cut in the right shape Thensplit as He would place the quill on His thumb nale When the quill would have to be repaired get dull or we would bare down to hard then we would go to the teacher hand Him the quill He knew just what to do and how to please

It was common for Teachers to carry His rule during school hour Why He did so I cant tell At this time I had a sore or a very tender place on the top of my Head caused by the Dog Bite as the Teacher was passing by with His rule I thought as He raised the rule that He was just in the act of Striking Me on the tender place -- at once I yelled out Oh Salvation which caused quite a sensation in the school

About the year 1842 the Slavery question was agitated on account of som of the noted laws that had been passed and the great antislavery movement Then the runaway slaves that was passing through our neighbourhood almost every week, as we had a well organized underground Rail Road running near My home As my Father was connected in the work I could hear so much said that was very exciting to my tender mind

At different times the slave masters would come along in search of their slaves -- when they would be hid in an old Barn or under the Bed or under the floor so the Slaves could hear their Masters talk and know their voices A few times The have been captured and taken back into Slavery -- in those days My Father took the National Erra a radical or a rite kind of a antislavery paper a weekly newspaper -- My Father as long ago as I can remember would read aloud to the Family I loved to lissen to His words as He would read, The old Erra came to our Home a welcome Messenger I well remember the tales of sorrow Mothers sold from the Block to the highes Bidder taken from their Home Torn away from Husband from loving Children -- Children crying don't take my Mother away Stay Home Mother The Slave Merchant would buy a large number of Slaves Chain them togther and drive to a distant Market New Orleans was considdered the best There The had the Market houses they put the pøwr slave on the Block about four feet high The slave Buyers would gather around examine their legs arms chest have them to draw a long breath then put their year to Their Breast listen to their Breathing -- then Sharp bidding would commence The auctionear would say \$600.00, \$600.00 who will give \$700.00 often to a thousand or twelve Hundred dollars I looked upon the sistom of slavery as an outrage a wicked institution a disgrace to our Nation -- about that time Uncle Toms Cabin was publish in the National Era When it first appeared I took great interest in the story I wanted the paper to hurry and come I wanted to know how uncle Tom and other caracters would come out As I had no thought that it would be put in Book form and bound and sold I said and planed to transscribe so it mite be preserved that was as far as a Boy could see I think it was in the year 1844 while my Father was reading the National Era and I standing holding by His Chair listening

to his words He came to a paragraph which gave the account of the first appearance of the Spiritual rappings That was the first notice that had ever appeared in any paper -- I shall never forget how I felt, it made a cold chill come over me I was afraid some supernatural power was coming that would upset things

In central New York lived a Family by the name of Fox I think six in Family rather excentric somewhat over religious under a certain emotion or importation The Spirits would answer their call by way of rappings two of their Daughters became Mediums it caused a great stir in that part of country as I learned it spread fast and was coming this way I became almost nearvious in a short time it had made way to Grant Co found Adherants East of Fairmount near a little Lake The followers organized a church near the Lake they named Galatia Chamblers published a little Journal or Paper I think the went by the name of Rappings I was anxious to see a copy of Their paper as they were freely scattered over the country I could get hold of one occasionally -- as I would read letters from Heaven and then their prediction that Galatia would be a large City -- and if They would go to certain place in the Lake they would find a block like a Brick with inscription I think the inscription was in refferance to their city and paper it has been so long ago it is somewhat passed from my mind It proved to be a curse to our country as it affected the mind causing insanity in many cases

In the year 1844 I took a great interest in politick on account of the slavery question that had worked in the hearts of the people of course we all took sides Pro and Con, Tyler a proslavery President had just passed out of Office as I had no love for him because I abhorred slavery James A Polk a candidate that Favoured Slavery a Southern Man that turned His hand to the interest of the South, While the Majority of the North was in simpaty with the South at that time gave expression by their Action and Manifestation in those day the onely or Main way to Travel or Move was in Wagons, on the big White covered wagons would be picturs and inscription made out of Polk Buries huraugh for Polk, Polk will go through Poke Berries was in demand Poke will Poke Thrug huraugh for Polk All I remember about Harrison is the log Cabin I can recall many things said about Tyler His misdoings and misstakes

In 44 -- when James K Polk and Henry Clay was candidates the excitement became so intense that I took quite an interest in politics especially in the Freesoil Move My voice could be heard for our candidates Such Men as Smith - Berny, Van Buren, Hale, Fremont Sumner Lincon and Many others that was all right

About 1842 the first Ground Hog Thrashing Mashene that came as far South up the Creek stoped at our Log Barn to thrash our Wheat it was a great Wonder -- as we heretofore had frailed or thrashed with long Sticks -- everyone arround came in to see the Wonder It worked by horse power, cilender and concave very much as we have them today on the same principal looked much like old Wind Mill The Bundles of Wheat Shuved into the Mashene by the feader it went buzzen through on to floor. Three Men stood with rakes one behind the other to seperate the straw and chaff from the Wheat, The clouds of dust that had to assend in to the Face of the Men then 3 or four Men would stack the straw we al thought the world was getting wise as the reap hook had just been superseded by the cradle. I had learned to use the reap Hook in 1844 which was used on every Farm Father sent to Richmond for His Cradle



sythe it was grand to see the syth cut the grain I can remember the opposition to the Cradle They said you would waste your wages flinging grain all over the Field -- yet the Cradl took the day -- then we handled our Hay and Grain with wooden forks I can remember so well as we would be in the Woods, we would hunt for forket saplins to mak good nice pitch Forks then we Bought a clumsy fork made out of iron not much better I remmember the first steél forks brought to this country sixty five years ago made of the best spring Steel as good as any Father would stand on the fork to prove it would not bend or brake

About 1845 and six the Chills and feaver mad its appearance What a time we had for years it would invade every Family Someone of the Family would chill Quinine was a necessity When I was about 10 to 14 years old the Chills was very hard on Me They would attack me about one oclock sometimes I would shake and shiver My teath would shatter Cold Streaks would run up my back then to the tips of my Fingers down to the ends of my toes then a flash all over my sistom then shake and shake Old people sometimes would make the Bed rattle

When I would be rite in the midst of Chilly shaking sensation I would say Oh Mother do put on the cover give me another quilt, Mother had piled up the quilts and tucked them around me yet I demanded more. Then feaver oh the feaver it would gradually come in streaks The flash flash My entire system steaming hot -- take all the quilts away oh dear Mother I am burning -- I do want a drink of cold Water just from the Well - the feaver would inflame My Brain I can yet recall and remember the nervous sensation how my Mind would stray off in fancy immagnation a flity glittering sensation I would have the wings of an Eagl and soar aloft it would seem as my hair would wave in the upper regions, Then I would come to Earth again among the Wild Indians in the Big Woods Then surrounded by a great drove of Wild Hogs Yes the Hogs after me near by cant get away I would run to a fence try to climb the rails would turn I woud fall oh me

Many interesting events transpired in the year 1846 and 7 The Indians would come around act. very curious The first Negro Family that came to this part of the country by the name of Bob Brazelton to me was very strang They were jet Black I shal not forget how strange/I felt as though a class of people was descending for some great purpos as my sympathies had been raught upon on their behalf -- The Boys went to the same school where I went the youngest about my age a very weakly Boy He was a poor sufferer going down with the Kings Eavle Some of the Big Boys would make fun of Him and call Him a nigger I could hardly stand it I said He could not help it just as God made Him

In the fall of 1844 a number of us Boys was playing half mile south of the Academy as we were returning home we came to an old pasture about forty rods across that was thickly covered with stick tites a kind of a little Bur that would stick so close or tite yo could hardly get red of them, one of the Boys says Say Boys I dare the croud - or I dare the best Boys in the croud to wade through this ten acre stick tites At once I mounted the stump jerked off my Hat and said I take the dare Then one voice we take the dair -- remember we all had on our hoemade lincy very corse wooly, long hair as we plunge in -- I cant forget how I would hold my head up to avoid as much as posible the tickling and scraching stick tites when we landed (where the Academy now stands) we were a mat of Burs black as I sat down held out my hands I said

that is two bad It took us a long time to pick and rub them off My Parents did not know about it for a long time

Soon after this I went with Father to Jonesboro I went to the Ware House to see the Big Pile of Wheat I was very much interested in the way they managed to unload with roaps They would put a roap around a sack Then pull at a leaver The Sack would swing around and go up loft just then a Black Negro Boy came along going to Mill riding a very Poor Horse on a big sack, Old Men laughed at Him said Ha Sambo show the Chalk of you eye -- See Sambo ye white teeth ye old Gray Horse got the holler horn I said if ever I got big I would not stand such talk as that, a little after this the Mexican War Broke out I said that was not write all wars is wrong but this is unjust Soldiers would go by in great Numbers White a number went from Marion and Jonesboro at that time I was going to school at Back Creek when the soldiers in passing by the Meeting House They Would Make a great noise Beating their drums playing their musical instruments crying out you Quakers wont fight, -- about this time the church was in a lively condition in the way of Travling Ministers a number of very eloquent preachers would visit our Quarterly Meetings our House was the Home for preachers deep impression was made on my mind The first sabath school ever held in this part of the country was heald at Back Creek it was very large at first great interest taken during the summer would die out in Winter

In the Winter of 1848 James Cammac came to our Home from Wayne Co to locate a saw mill in this country Father went with James to look out a location The finely settled on a location where Fairmount now stands Soon Joseph Baldwin started a very small store the Mill was a success logs was braught here for 10 miles to be sawed in to plank I well remember the origen and the first House Built in Fairmount Many things of interest still lingers in my mind that ought to be remembered A great Many of My Associats Died about this time they were not able to stand the unhealthy period that we had to pass through -- The ague weakened the sistom so much that more severe disease had a chance

I think about 1844 Wool pickings became a fad which was caried on for years As people began to rase Sheep of course the wool must be picked by hand -- When the time came for the Wool gang it was my buisness to go all around in they Neighbourhood and say come -- come to our House next six day to the Woolpicking -- it was a treat to me for the time to come Mothers would fetch Their Children along Then we would have a time it was lovely to see twenty Woman all picking wool at the same time no noise no clatter of Machinery only a clatter of talk sometimes lively joking what a good time they had -- Then the hackle to hackle into round rolls -- then the spinning problem to solve the girls took that up with their big Wheels whurling roar like distant thunder Most every family had a loom the chane adjusted to the Loom Then it was ready for the shuttle as by treaddles the chain would work up and down Then you would hear the old batten ring out slam slam Made into Cloth Then our Moth@rs had to cut and fit the clothing must be mad that was the onely way As My Dear Mother had to go Through that way I know something about it -- Then it was a necessity to grow Flax as this country was suited to the cultur of Flax Most every Family had a small Field of Flax we had our Flax Patch it took good ground sowed rather thick

then after it had ripened -- then we had to pull by hand and lay it down nicely in swath that is eaven to let it dry When dry enough we bound in bundles Put up in a dry place -- When we got ready to make use of necessity it had to go through a process of rotting so we had to hawl into the Meadow and Carefully Spread it out thinley on the green grass in rows across the Meadow so the rain and due would rot after it had sufficiently rotted then it was ready for use that is the woody part would rot without injury to the lint it all had to be bound into Bundles put in the dry.

When the time came to Work the Flax the first thing in order is to dry so it will break easy in order to do that we had to make a frame work six or 7 feet squair six fee high with poles on top then the flax on top of the poles in layers 3 or 4 inches thick, then a hot fire underneath which took constant watching to prevent burning at the very best then sometimes a blaze would break out Then we would have exciting times. After the drying process then came Breaking Work in order to seperate the woody stalk from the lint -- that worked with a framework six feet long with three bars on the lower part and two on the upper with a handle on the upper As He would stand by the framewourk it was easy to work up and down as the lower bars was stationary -- the old familliar slam slam as the Man would hold the flax in one hand use the break in the other as He would throw the flax into bars then slam down by this process the flax was ready for the hackling or swindling our hackle was mad very hard wood in the shap of a big corn knife then an upright Post or Board $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high as the workman woud hold the flax in one hand and the hackel in the other He would lay the flax across the upright post or plank then with hackle strike strike in this way He would seperate the tow from the flax our Mothers and sisters had to spin and get it ready for the Loom all our shirts summer pants was made of linen cloth we almost dependant upon homade cloth. when I remember the way my Mother would work to make the cloth running the little Wheel sowing and knitting I feel as though it would not do to loose site of Her deeds of Love I want my Children and Grand Children not forget what it cost to commence in this Country the struggle for clothing and needs of life

In the Spring of 1853 Father was taken down with the Chills and Feaver He lingered along for a while then He sent to Jonesboro for quinine as we had no Drug Stores in those days Merchants would keep drugs of different sort as the Boy called for quinine the Merchant a young Man went to the wrong Gar and got a preparation of poison it was brought home Father took it as directed He was soon taken very alarming sick we sent immediately to Jonesboro for a doctor as soon as He came in we could see He was uneasy called for the Medicin examened it He wanted another phystion to consult with by this time their was quite a sensation in Neighborhood as it was jenerally understood That Father by Mistake had taken poison we felt it to be a terable stroke -- While the Doctors held counsel we all in suspence it looked as though we could not get along if Father Died The Doctors would not tell very much anyway the next Morning as I went into His room and sat by His bedside when all had left the room Father turned to me and said Son Nixon be a good Boy Thee is destined to be a very good Man or a very bad Man, that was the last words He ever spoke to anyone knowing what He said His suffering became intense soon Died The stroke was so terrible Mother fainted a way

so we thought She could not recover

Hundreds of people came to see Him before His Death and after. His funeral was largely attended people coming for ten miles away it was a very solem time as He was one of the very first settlers and was known far and near. The House we now live in was onely half compleated when He Died He had just bought four hundred acres of Land six miles west which put us badly in debt because the house had to be finished we had a nice lot of young Hogs and Cattle that could easily have been turned in to Money, according to law we had to have appointed administrator then a public sale Hogs corn and cattle sold very low, As Father had dun all the trading and contriving we knew but little about buisness That was in his ways

For a while we had hard times had to live very close hardly the necessarys of life I felt the Stroke so heavy at times I wanted to be a Cristian I would go into the Woods listen to the Birds sing seek lonely places wanting rest something lacking what to do I could not tell I wanted to be good -- I was put in lead or rather Manager of the Farm I became a hard working Man or Boy early and late I could see the Farm was not large enough I cleared More Land Calvin worked away from Home Brother Thomas was looking after Home affairs and going to school When about 20 I was so taken up with the pleasures of the world had acquired a love for parties and places of diversion I would work in the day then go to Partys at night I had a large run of association that took me Miles away from Home Mother became uneasy about Me thought I would go wild Preachers warned me of my danger I began to think I was on My way to the bad -- with a little effort I turned my course began to go to Meeting and do More thinking

I forgot to tell about My first Yearly Meeting experiance The fall after Fathers Death Mother said I mite go to Yearly Meeting When the time came Willy Cammack and I had prearranged with Ben Blaby an old Man that we could ride with Him in his big covered Wagon as far as Winchester when the time came to start we were all ready were soon over in Blackford Co While running along ahead of the Wagon a big black Dog got after us grabed at our legs Barked fearcely we were soon on the fence and called for help, at Winchester we bid the Old Man goodbye took it afoot went to Wills uncle's at Derby had a good time with His cousins, next day went down to Richmond While at the Union Depot I was favoured to see the steam cars for the first time as they came in from both ways apuffing and tooting I felt awestricken such great Wheels I said Well Man is competing with Almitry God, we then went direct to the Big Meeting it was to me a wonderful Place just see the Covered Wagons of all kinds the big high Carriages gigs and buggies wheir did they all come from the Big Meeting House just full of folks all the old people dressed so plain and nice we listened to the preaching then part of Buisness then went up in town to see the great City we admired the surroundings night came on what shall we do we onely had so much Money we wanted to buy something with that so we went out of town to a big straw stack had a good nights rest next morning we were out before day went down to the River washed and combed brushed of the straw went up in town bought our Breakfast Then we put in the day richly at Meeting and other places, when night came on we wanted to see the city in the dark hours of night to us it was wonderful as we were on the go till 9 oclock then we planed to stay in the Meeting House

We ventured up to the Big Meeting House we found it locked tight and solled, at last we found a Window loose went directly into the House got some of the soft quishons mad a good Bed soon went to sleep Then I awok I felt lonesome as though I was out of my place then rallied up went to sleep and slept till dawn of day we hurried out washed our faces found Breakfast got ready for church found a large company of good old Friends lizened attentatively to the preaching The preached word was very inspireing to me My young heart throbed to be a Christian

After Yearly Meeting was over -- Will Camack visited His kin Folks I started for home alone 60 miles afoot walking was not to be dreaded in those days it was to be expected The first day I walked about 12 miles stoped over night with an old Farmer I found a lively company of young people they made it very plesant for me The lived in an old fashioned House gave me a good Bed would not charge me anything I got an early start My face turned toward home feeling good about Noon an old Dunkard Precher overtook me riding a big fat Horse -- He said Young Man Where are you going I said home -- Where do you live -- I said in Grant Co -- Where have you been, Up to Yearly Meeting I said -- then you are a Quaker He inquired Yes indeed I quickly responded -- Well Well He replied as He began to dismount I am an old Man 85 onely 85 you are very young just ride a while As I was tired and lonesome I just ready to mount into the big saddle The old Man with long gray Beard Broad brim hat with white curly locks resting on His shoulders as He walked near the Horse -- I felt shurely I have found a soft place As the Old Man turned His big furrowed face toward me His sunken eyes pearced rite at my eyes I lifted my eyes towards the clouds wondering what He was going to do or say -- You are a Quaker did you say -- quickly with a high tone He said -- you dont believe in Baptism -- At once I felt cornered as I had nevere Thought very much about the question of baptism -- Yes I said we want Christ to Baptize with the Holy Ghost and Fire John said He would do that Then the Old Man began to quote Scripture and to talk He told me to accept the entire Book. He lashed me with His tongue Then He turned onto the Friends Church just ridling all our institution holding up His Church as the Mother Church I began to wish I was at Home I said Say Grand Pa let me walk a while I dismounted He led His Horse to Big Stump Then carefully droped into the saddle now we are ready off we traveled He continued His speech on Baptism The road was Hilly much woods to pass through beutiful streams -- The Birds was in a better plight than the old Man They seemed so happy and good Soon Night came on we Began to look for a lodging place We stoped at the gate of a new frame House I walked up to the door and said can you keep an old Man and a Boy all night Yess just come in The old Man dismounted The Boys took charg of the Horse We both ate a big supper Then to Bed up Stairs in a large room in seperate Beds -- in few moments the old Man began to Chill He said He was very Sick Then He began to Shake He made the old Bed rattle I never heard the like before -- I was a fraid the old Man would Die I felt so sorry Then I Thought how He went for me on Baptism how He let me down The old Bed just shaken and ratling as I raised my Head and looked toward His Bed I softly said He is quaking for good again I said poor old Man -- but then He ought to have talked about some thing else beside Baptism I was up by day light went downstairs told the Land Lord to look after the old Man He is awful sick I pade 20 cts

for nights logging have never heard tell of that old Man since when I arrived Home I had Many things to tell ---- my Mother had given me a fine colt I thought the world of My Beutiful Bay Colt He was very gay I had acquired four stands of Bees I began to think some time I woud own a good deal of propperty one eavening I wrode my colt over to town He was so gay and nice. Folks in town said you have got a fine Horse I returned Home opened the gate turned the Colt in the Pasture Went to the Pasture next Morning just See Oh Me My Colt is Dead how sad oh say I remember so well as I went to report the bad News how much symphy found at Home in about two weeks my Bees Died Then I was entirely Broke nothing left -- we had a very poor neighbour that lived in the old School Hous Had a wife and four very butiful little Girls with curly hair The People around had to support them -- I says Oh Isiac my good Colt and my Bees are all Dead -- He says Oh Nixon Them that has must loose I Thought He was a poor comforter He didnt have anything to Die but Babbies I was 21 in the 3 mo or March I rented my Mothers Farm that summer raised a good crop had a few Hogs was doing well had a large circle of Friends of a lively disposition I found good associats I with other Boys had acquired the habet of going to all the parties in reach but very few young Men took up with young company more readily than I did I do think it was against me because I had fallen in Love with two good Girls yet all the time My Mind was turned to the far Western Country -- The first Girl that I became enamerd with was an uncommon good Girl of a religious mind a good scholar The great Wheel that turns some way diverted our Love Soon I found another lovely Girl I Paid my respects to Her for some time I was not inclined to go to school I never studied a whole day at school in my life our schools was so uninviting nothing to intice young people to go to school I had trained my mind to Think I would be all right just so I had a common education I find to be a grand Misstake I have felt all my life I prize education so high I have spent a great deal of money to educate my Children also I have given over twenty five Hundred dollars to the Academy and other school Buildings

After disposing of my Crop and property I with Alpheus Henly made arangement to go to Kansas Kansas was then a Territory We planed to start the 24 of 8 mo 1857. Several farewell parties had been planed and made for us When the time arived to start a great company of people had gathered at Fairmount to witness our departure some coming four and five miles Many tears was shed on the occation I mention this to show the great change that has taken place since then you start to Africa now it will hardly be notised

We had to go to Anderson to take the cars as that was the nearest point quite a company went with us a part of the way or half of the way then we walked to Anderson We took the eavening train landed in Indianapolis in time for the midnight car or train as we had lost much sleep we were soon fast asleep we did not awake till the Sun was up shining to our amazement we were in the midst of the great praries of Illinois The first time my eyes had ever looked upon the great Western Plains at that time Illinois was onely partly settled to Me it was grand as far as My eyes could reach it was one vast Wilderness without a tree, waving grass, now and then a pioneer settle-ment Way off to the South was a dense fog as the Sun Shone on it it had the appearance of a White Sheet of Water I could not think of

any great Body of Water in Ill I looked with amasent and astonishment We stopped at St Louis. A Pick Pocket got after us I gave Him to understand He had better stay away here we had to get rid of our state stock money exchange for Gold and Silver as the Kansas people were then very nice -- from St Louis to Jefferson City was a very fascinating ride except the slavery question as I had been taught to abhor the systom of slavery now for the first time my eyes had to witness the Negro under the lash working in the Filds with the slave driver riding a fine Horse always wearing a plug high crown Hat Jefferson City was the terminous of the Rail Road here we took the big Steam Boat found 200 Pasengers on Board I was highly elated I began to realize I had wondered into a foreign Land among strangers I found quite a number of slave holders on Board at one I began to talk with them Lawyers and Dr Merchant I told them I believed Slavery to be wrong They held that it was the Nigger eliment suited to servitude that was awful to me as we were pasing up the Missouri River one eavening we were Standing out on Deck a number of slaves was at work over in the Field one old slave was singing his old plantation song as the wind was favourable the sound or tune seem to play up and down the River The chiming wafting on the soft breeses just tingled in my ear I was almost overcome with ecstacy and sadness My Blood ready to curdle everyone on Board was delited Then a round Cheers -- The old Slave Holders said dont you see them Niggers are just in their element The are the Happiest people on earth nothing to trouble them I looked at it very different -- That eavening I had a long talk with the Dr and a MERCHANT both from New Orleans They were very kind to me We were talking about the difference between the North and South They thought the South had the advantage of the North -- just then I Picked up a nice sheet of paper began at once to make the picture of a large Lion just in the act of leaping on his prey I notise They began to look The Dr said you are an artest Wheir did you go to an art school -- you will Thinkwhen or I will say I did not know anything about art schools did not know that an art schoo~~d~~ existed in the United States I knew they Had such Things in France and England I said when I went to school the Trustees compelled me to quit drawing or be expelled The Doctor said that is your Life Work -- The Merchant said say young Man you are going to Kansas You know They have had War down there you are going to get in trouble -- Montgomery has an armed band -- When you get there you just let Slavery alone Them Border Ruffins will shoot a Man down for the fun of it if He talks against Slavery The Dr said Your Life depends on what we say You be careful -- as we were nearing Kansas City I see an old or an Indian about forty years of age dressed very fine with His Silk Hat in Citizens Clothing with a big black Whip in His hand driving about thirty Slaves He raised His old black Whip and struck one of the Men over the Back I just wanted to get out and go and talk a while

Australia was the name of our Steamer or Boat it had run up and down the river a long time at one time was a very fine Boat The River was very low Many Sand bars to condend with often on sand bars for 4 and six hours The Bed of the River changes so often on account of fine Sand We were about four days going up to Kansas City Kansas City at that time was a small town of 2,500 We staid all night at the Glen House we planed to stop over the Sabath at the Friends Indian Mission 8 miles Southwest from city While on our way to the mission weheard Children out in the Thicket so we verged out among the Bushes to see what it ment We found ten little Indian

Boys at play we soon began to talk with them to us it very interesting to see them play the Indian War Dance the Indian Dance give Indian hoop or yell -- We found D Hadley the supertendant of the Mission to me it was a treat to stop awhile as I had heard so much about the Mission My Father had been connected with the Mission from the very commencement about forty students of all size but all deep collored black hair black eyes Parrents would come to see their Children and stay all night one Morning I took notice of a Mother slipping around just befor she was going to leave and Slipping a Bottle of rum or Whisky into the Pocket of Her little Boy The Mother and all the old Indians wore Blankets insted of cloathing The looked Wild to Me We remained over the Sabath with them in the Sabath School the Boys looked to be out of Their eliment I could see by their action they wanted to be in the Woods or out at play We attended the Meeting for Worship which was held mostly in silence I confess I do not approve of that way of holding Meetings among Heathens I think Christians can often sit down and Worship in Silance I could see the need of song service and preaching We worked all day second day Making Rails to pay our Board to show we were not imposters

9 Mo first we started on our journey to the intearier of Kansas south west direction not knowing Where we Should land The country is very roling onely sparcely Settled Braud Praries a far as the eye could see not a dwelling a new country grand and beutiful with words of Welcome all nature even Birds With Song beutiful Streams skerted with brush and a little timber all in harmony We came to an Indian villedge very Thirsty Went to the old Cheaf Home a big log House Made sign we wer very Thirsty He pointed to the well gave us a tin cup He drawed they water for us then we took our fill The old Chief laugh said just pour down we watched a little Indian Boy shooting Bird with Bow and arrow He was an expert, after walking all day we became very tired at once began to look for a lodging found a poor shack of a place that we had to take up with had a poor Bed yet we rested

9 Mo 2 we took the old road that led to the Sack and Fox Agency crossed a big Prarie got very Thirsty came to a spring drank to our fill we got among they Wild Indians naked except their Brich Clouts consist of a rag or Matting around the hips I had read a great deal about the Wild Indians to me it was real and began to realize they situation I confess I felt a little curious yet I was just where I wanted to be -- we came to a skirt of timber as we looked to the left we spied a number of Indians in a group almost stark Naked some of them laying down flat on the ground we passed quietly but never said a word as they were entirely strangers to us and did not feel like conversing with them They country was very wild and romantic we took notice of the different kind of Bird their sweet songs was grattifying and realy amusing -- about sunset we arrived at the Sack and Fox Mission consisting of 4 or 5 log Building one ware House used to bestow Indian goods We soon found lodging with the Chief rather a young Man that had arainged to keep a few Traveliers His wife could talk english and a ready conversationalist a glib talker with black eyes black long hair -- worst of all She was Mad --- She said white traders had come and Bad Whiskey sold to His Indians and made them Drunk Cheated them out of their Ponies had absconded and got a way She said the Government would not do a thing just let them go others woud do the same

Then slide out, our Folks have always been run over The time has come to defend Themselves She said I will take my Gun and go I can shoot and I will do it Whiskey is the ruination of my People The Government is to blame for selling us Whiskey The Indians are located in a good country Their condition has been bettered Their schools is a blessing to them yet it is sad when we see what whiskey is doing for them The next night we stoped at old Tonganoxa with an old Indian Chief a very sedate Man His Mother was still living one hundred and twelve years old She was lying on the Floor in walking through the room I had to step over Her we slept on the floor in adjoining Rooms different times in the night she would cry like a child the old Man Her Son would say or talk to Her in Her language then She would go to sleep -- She had been a very smart woman a Mother of a large Family went through several Indian wars She had lived in Indiana Iowa and Kansas as She with Her Tribe had been Moved

After leaving the Sack and Fox agencies we traveled direct to Coffee County Stoped at Burlington with a Man by the Name of Perry Mills we found a good place to stop They were good and kind we were well entertained Mills had just returned with a drove of Ponies from the Indian Territory I was very much delited in handling the Ponies I Thought I would ride one of Them as I took hold of the Saddle with a little effort I was in the saddle at once the Ponie was off with His Rump and heels up in air I was soon lying on the ground -- at this Time Burlington was a very small town we went 8 miles South to Big Creek found a few setlars that had just moved in that spring had their gardens some a little Corn Planted a few had built Their Cabbins the fall before and wintered we took up with the country and said here we will locate found a good country and a good place to work we found to our amazement that the people had organized into a company and banded together to defend each other in holding unlawful Claims -- The Preemption Laws gave to every Man the priveledge to claim 160 acre provided He wished to become a bonafida setlar and would improve the land He was to build a House Brake up so much Land in a certain length of time if not He forfeited His claim -- we found the citizens was holding unlawful claims Some Families as many as Three Claims which was unlawful we said that is unlawful we will put a veto on that -- as their was two good Timbered Clames along the Creek That was unlawfully held and smuggled along, we deliberately went in defiance of Their oath That They had taken -- an oath that they would shoot down any Man that would dare to jump Their Claim

In Broad day light we lade the foundation of our Houses on those beutiful clames the delight of our hearts our future homes what we came all this way for we said Men have no right to smuggle in any thing we will show the People that we are here after homes and will protect Them -- what a Stir we Made -- The entire community was against us, we were Threatened and warned to leave to get out

Old Man that first took the clame came with His cane as we worked on our House, with loud words He said get of -- This is My Claim My Land -- No sir said I You have a Home up the Creek that is all The Law gives you stay There we will stay here This is our Home We Will protect and defend Our Propperty Dr Henley said you leave our Premisis at once -- They old Man was stout and rugged weighing abut 220 lbs brave as a Lion for common a good looking man

At this time He was angry with a fierce look depicted on His Face I shall never forget that big cane That brandished over our Heads -- as He gave vent to His indignation

As I had taken the Dunbar Clame He lived in Missouri Never intended to make Kansas His Home hoping some way to make Money by selling timber or selling the clame Jones was living on the claim joining on the North, They had entered in to a contract to protect each other as Jones was a bonafida setlar He could help Dunbar through Then They could or agreed to divide and give Jones timber a long they Creek -- Jones could see He was in danger of loosing His timber -- He came and talked very reasonable said Dunbar had threatened to shoot down any Man that would Dare to jump his Clame -- After He had talked a while said I Brother Jones just lie cool now if you will do that I will divide -- Though you know I will be the looser by two or three Hundred dollars -- now do that you will come out all right -- You know Dunbar has no right to This Land believe me it is My Land -- From that time on Jones stood by Me He could see I ment buisness

As We improved our land held to our clames They entire community soon became our Friends The setlars for 4 or 5 miles each way up and down the creek compose a neighbourhood it runs that way in a New Country Morris Himself became kind we became intimate with His Son, Dunbar never came back to Kansas -- We found Abundance of game Turkeys Deer Wolves Rabbits We could hear Wild Cats Panthers after night though they soon disappeared Kansas was then a territory we had pioneer times in electing officers at one of the Election Dr Henly and I served on the election Board He was one of the Clearks I was one of The Judges two Thirds of the Board was drunk before dark I never heard such talk in all my life as was carried on that day to me it was disgusting One Man that was leader in loud vulgar talk by the Name Moseley a very smart inteligrant Man a few days after Election took His team went west to the Arkansas River to kill Buffalo and provide Beef for His Family He stoped on the River built a Shack among the Willows had been successful in collecting Beef -- The Shian Indians was on the watch how Their Buffalos was being shot down and disstroyed a band of War Men came to His Shack and Murdered and scalped Him took the outfit left the old Man in The Shack dead

I became somewhat enamerred with Politics was nominated a candidate to head the road supervisors of Coffee Co was elected by a big Majority soon after this Kansas became a state so I did not or could not serve -- from that time till this day I have staid out of Politics Many things of interest occured about this time I will not relate

We had no Sabath Schools to go to no Church but Baptist They would have preaching once a Month The Preacher would stand still and read His Written Sermon very deliberate so different from our Indiana preacher from what I had been accostomed to that I said I stay in My Cabin and read My Bible I had great respect to my early traning -- I was not a religious Man yet I did love the Christian religioun and was ever ready to defend it

We kept Batchelors Hall for mor than two years except when we would become tired for a few days we would Board with some of our Neighbours I would often stop with the old man Tritt and wif They

lived a lone was very kind -- but wicked -- Clark Tritt was a drunkard about once a month He had to have His spree Sometimes He would make it disagreeable and hot In the spring of 1858 Tritt and I took our ox teams went in search of Corn near Emporia about 60 Miles we had a very pleasant trip untill we got half way Home I could see Tritt was craving and longing for a dram He was ill and crabed became disagreeable I tried to make it plesant with Him as posible finally He Said Mr Rush you will have to go with Me by the way of Burlington -- six or seven Miles out of the Way -- Brother Tritt you dont think I will go by the way of Burlington -- He says come now we will have a good time -- No sir I cant do that I am going strait Home -- Then He tried to intimidate Me -- When we came to the place where I had to turn toward Home I canot forget that big squaire face blood shotten eyes that looked toward me wen we seperated I for Home He for a drahm of Whiskey I arived home in good time When Martha heard that I came hom and left Tritt She at once came to learn His whereabouts I related the Story and how He left Me -- Then She began to upbrade me saying you know Mr Tritts weakness you know He will get Drunk will never get home you have got to go with Me we will have to go till we find Him, I went Home with Her tried to comfort solace by talking to divert the Mind yet she would scold and curse and wish She had never been Born It was a very Still eavening The sun had went down The Moo of the Dove and distan chime of some happy Bird or the drole Sound of a lonely Prary Chicken all that could be heard contrast the Mutterings of a Mad Woman Martha insisted we go in search I said He will come dont take on So He will come Home, about two hours after dark We heard the voice of trouble in the distance more than two miles away I knew that Ment something -- we started across the Prarie Martha cursing and swaring -- afer awhile we met Tritt just Drunk enough to be Wicked -- I could see at once my life was in danger His oxen was contrary He took His big knif and branded it about then cut gashes in His cattle cursing bitter oaths threatning My life Martha walked rite by His Side trying to hold and paccify Him He was always good to Her drunk or sober She was not afraid of Him We arrive Home The old Man soon fast asleep Then my trouble was over Tritt was a Kit Carson Man had crossed the Plains several times for the Government had led the Freemont expedition part of the way had been in Indian wars killed 4 or 5 Indians or more, and yet when Sober He was kind very good to us Boys

One Morning Henley and I had Started to Tritts Home we were delited in the beuties around all nature smiling Birds singing We were enraptured as we looked upon the flowers wild with fragrance the ecco of Sound -- well it was a beutiful spring morning -- just then something hit me in the Breast then I heard the sound of a gun -- I knew then a bullet had hit me at first I thought the Bullet had penetrated it had so stuned me I could hardly stand up we found it had onely cut the Skin and was bleeding profusely we found the ball lying on the ground the double thickness of my vest heavy patted with cotton is what save my life we Supposed it to be the report of Tritt gun Henley went to the field and Said did you know you Shot a Man He said that could not be as He Shot to far North The found the bullet that went through the prarie Chicken then to the end of a slanten rail which turned the missel to my Breast As I went direct to the Tritts Home Oh Marthy said My Boy what the Matter The Blood had run down in my Shoes she dressed the wond and put me to Bed

Tritt came laughing and said Faith bejaber Nixon have I shot you I was confined in the room several days about five years after that Martha on her death bed said I am lost I will go to Hell I have lived an ungodly life

Great droves of Indians would camp in my Woods as our Land was in direct line between the Kaws Osages and other tribes toward the Indian territory many things would occur that was Sensational Indians santering around our Shack I became very familiar with Them in the fall of 58 I with Jones and wife took a trip in a two Horse Waggon though a very light running nice covered wagon visiting various parts of Missouri by the way of Kansas City through Clay County up in to the hardest part of Missouri where the James Boys lived close to Jesse James sporting Ground witnessing Slavery in its darkest collar Staid all night with Slave Holders enjoyed their Hospitality and abhorred their cruelty toward their Slaves

One old Slave Holder said to Me as He was showing Me His Farm He says you Northern people have the advantage of us Southern people in the North its an honor to work Your Boys and Girls can work but here it is a disgrace to work our Boys cant work if so they would be on an equality with the Nigger we depend on our Niggers Then you see -- pointing to the Field -- you see the condition of our Farms -- almost every Farm near St Joe had a lot of slaves every plantation had cabins for their Slaves The old Slave Holders lived in fine Brick Houses well decorated

During the same winter I took another trip in the north western part of Kansas went by way of Tonguaknoxia at that time it was the Home of a number of Indians I stopped with an old Indian by the name of Tonguenoxie His Mother was then living at the age of 112 the oldest person I ever saw She was nearly helpless lying down on the Floor I had to step over her feet or legs in passing by in the night she became very restless would cry like a Baby her son a man of 70 would go and talk Indian talk to her Then she would be quiet for a while all at once She would cry and make a pitiful Noise it influenced my Sympathy I had to sleep on the floor near by eight Indians all close together -- all of this country then was in a wild state almost the same scene occurred a while before The Poor old Woman Died a few days after this

After returning Home that Winter living in our cabin one of our neighbours living about two miles away became clever very intimate one evening He said He would divulge a great secret that would be a fortune to us if we would confide in Him as we did not at once take the hint of course we would be His Friend -- then He opened up to us Said He had a new system of counterfitting that would baffel the sharpest experts -- we gave Him to understand in short notice that He had got with the Wrong Boys He mite get out I never saw the Man after that. -- on the 26 of March while going to Leroy after mail Matter I heard in the distance a great noise shooting and Banging Soon I met a company of men 42 in number going to Pikes Peak to hunt Gold A lively company of young Men from the southern states As I was familiar with the discovering of Gold in the Rockies a company had went from Larance in company with two old Miners by the name of Russel and Gregory from Georgia They found deposits of Gold in various localities You will find history to Prove This As Russel and Gregory was from the South it took the Southern people They became an easy prey -- I took the Fever at once knowing something about the glowing description circulated through the papers -- I hastened to the office then back Home revealing the condition of my Mind Then someone must go

with Me Henley could not go I went direct to Joshua Lancaster He said He would go as He owned a wagon and two good oxen and very clever Man rather ingenious and apt I said He would be the Man -- We began to fix I hused to Burlington with a horse and Buggy to get our outfit started on our journey the next day our neighbours came in to see us start a few tears shed A Henley went a few miles with me Then we parted Then we Hastened to overtake our company from the South in less than two days after we started we overtook Them I took my good old gun or Rifle with Plenty of ammunition sufficient clothing my outfit good. Almost from the time we left Big Creek we plunged into a wild or new country/on the Verdigris River a few Families had settled We camped or struck camp on or near a creek or River We had a lively set of Men to travel with kind great Musicians old fashioned Fiddles ready Dancers The Evenings was times of great pleasure sometimes bordering on revelry -- My good training and culture remained with Me I believe my influence and timely hints had a good ameliorating force among the Boys about the first of April it commenced to rain we had a regular flood The little streams became dangerous -- when we arrived on the Banks of the Big Walnut we found it be impassible had to wait 3 days on the 3rd day we planned to make a big raft and raft over at that time the Walnut was lined with beautiful straight trees dead Hackberry The very kind of trees to make our raft The was cut about 25 feet long and lashed together until we had a complete raft -- Then two Wagons roaled on to it loaded with Bacon and flour then a number of men to row across the raft went nice till it struck the Bank on the other side that throwed the hind end down -- and Wagons and all was dumped backward into the deep surging Water as the Wagons turned over everything dumped out Such a mess I never saw The Wimen cried and wrung their hands -- Then all that could Swim at once was in the surging Water The Flour and Meal was all saved a few other things lost -- after that we made safe voyages without any more trouble As we crossed over we landed in Eldorado The first Boomed City I ever heard tell of -- The company that Boomed the city laid the Foundation for a large Hotel and a number of other Public Buildings Then went east and sold lots not a House in Town At this time it is a beautiful city in a Magnificent Country

From thence we traveled through the most beautiful part of Kansas along White River northwest course to make the old Santafee Road This Beautiful Rich fertile Land, with a little Timber along the River the face of the country covered with fresh green Grass a most delightful Scenery

The question arose -- how long will it be before This Country will be settled up some said 100 years others 50 I said well there is no Public Conveyance cant have Boats nor Railroads it will be impracticable I guess 75 years I have lived to see the Railroads across that Country Land selling from 50 to 100 dollars per acre Beautiful Cities

We Traveled very slow mostly with oxen -- about twenty Miles a day we had run in contact with Indians one evening after we had struck camp we saw way out at a distance on the great plains a company of Indians Horse Back in a loop coming direct for our camp about Fifty Warriors As I had become accustomed to the Indians I did not

fear nor tremble yet my Southern Friends manifest alarm Indians was soon in camp manifesting boldness rather fresh begging something to eat old clothing Our Men had their guns revolvers Bee Knives all on exhibition to show their Strength -- Then a volley of Firing that made the Hills roar to intimidate The Indians withdrew Then we entered into an organization for self defence -- We numbered 52 men a few Women and Children we elected Hall as leader or captain He was a portly Man rather large well proportioned very kind and winning a full blood Yankey rather refined we had a good leader from that time on we had our regular night watch That Night we were all commanded to Sleep with our guns so if the Watchman gave the alarm all must be ready to defend As I took My gun to bed lay down by side of my old faithful as I had named my gun I thought of My early training Thou shalt not kill love My enemies Many Precious Bible truths came fresh and looked me in the face Then I went to sleep and slept sound all night They said I could sleep anywhere The next day we came to the old Santafee road Then we turned toward the Southwest My health perfect with a good enduring constitution weight 166 red face not bloated rather long hair a little round shouldered of a very lively disposition quick to joke with the slite of hand to play tricks so wherever I went I found Friends

Now comes the most fascinating events of my life we have already passed wandering herds of Buffalo could see antelope in the distance -- wild with romance -- Indians wild -- I had perfect liberty to go and come when I pleased as I had given so much to be taken through with provision

At one time out on the Plains alone with my gun 8 miles from our train a number of Indian Warriors was warring at a distance I gave the war hoop in fun -- see at once they took it as an insult and came toward me with intent to kill I could see the situation with a savage mad set of Warriors I could not understand a word of their Muttering -- just as They were ready with their Bow and Arrow and long spear -- I with a loving smile and Bow and laying down of my gun -- They began to smile and off they went in a leap -- That to me was victory -- after that I was careful how I gave the war hoop -- we found the Santafee road to be good smooth This is the road the Mormons passed over The old California Emigrants and Gold Seekers had traveled Some had fallen and Buried near the road others found a resting Place on some little Mound We could see grave Mounds along road Plenty of Fresh Meat pure air and exercise gave me vigor and life -- we allways wanted to camp on some stream or where we could get water -- when I went to school I was taught this to be the great American Dessert as far as timber is concerned it is nearly destitute of timber -- in camping we would allways form a circle -- That is we would form a circle with our waggon our camp fire in the center with the front of the Wagon toward the fire That would form a kind of a fort a good Protection

Now we are camping on the Arkansas River surrounded with great herds of Buffalo -- in order to gratify my wish I went out about two miles north of our camp to the Plum Butts There stood a lone hill with an elevation of 60 feet a round Mound As I stood on the summit of this beautiful Mound just as far as the eye could penetrate I could see great herds of Buffalo way off in the far distance I could see Black Spots like little black hogs grazing on the Hills As I

looked a way to the beyond Southwest then to the Northwest herd after herd I gazed with Wonder as I looked to the Northeast rolling prairie great expanse covered with drove after drove with eager grazers Then to the Southeast same thing repeated as I went back to the camp I felt I could hardly believe my eyes Then said I such soon will be no more hunters by the Thousands will destroy such easy game,

This about the first of May today I witnessed a grand scene The first stampede among the Buffalo A great herd off to the South became alarmed violently ran head long not far from our train of Wagons with a tremendous stampede Their Heads down their tails up like a mighty wave roaring like distant thunder I could feel a sensation under my feet, you listen to ten head of Horses running in the pasture They will make a roaring noise Then put one Thousand big heavy Bulls on a stampede you will be surprised at the rumbling noise Many Things of great interest is happening every day I have not time or space to tell We now stop a while on the Banks of the Big Walnut a stream near what is now Great Bend here I first watched the beaver at work making his dam, about 500 Indians in camp at this place The little Poppos tied to a Board leaning against a Building A Pig came along and rooted Him down The little Boy acted just like any other little Boy would do Kicked and scrambled just like a white Baby would do here we found a beautiful country Great Bend a beautiful city now situated near the Walnut at that time no white man except Traders lived near

We stopped over Sabbath on the Little Arkansas bright and early we started out on our hunt consisting of seven men Lancaster Crabtree Myself and four Southern Men with our guns, in a southern direction as we could see Buffalo in that direction We were soon separated Lancaster and Crabtree went toward a large herd to the southeast I and the four Men approaching the herd to the south west as we ventured nearer and nearer about fifty Bulls was lying down at once They were on Their feet as they spied our approach They shook their Heads Well They did look dangerous -- I see my Men all left me alone I looked and they were dogging around a little bluff -- I had learned to crawl on my hands and knees to get in shooting range as I was crawling nearer and nearer The old fellows shook Their Heads I began to consider the best way as I had heard thrilling stories I knew I was in danger Shall I venture and shoot -- let me think I was laying down on the Grass I could see They are going to make for Me -- I will retreat in a Moment I was scrambling around the little hill -- I will make for the Sand Hills -- here I studied the Buffalo habit a few cottonwood trees or Bushes Willows -- Plum butts from ten to twenty feet high beautiful Mounds all covered with Plum Brush or bushes I concealed Myself on top of one of those little Mounds hundreds of Buffalo would range within forty feet grazing and rubbing They would rub little cottonwood trees down wallow make great holes in the ground I see trees that They had rubbed till the Bark had come off about 500 marched near the foot of the Mound where I was in ambush they were going north in single file I watched the old leader He would weigh about 1600 as He crowded on to His Privileges He turned a round with a tremendous surge He scattered the drove for a little while Then resumed His March I watched for about three hours three of the most instructive hours of my life as I witness scene after scene to me thrilling I had lost all desire to Shoot -- but

to See I was highly entertained as I climbed down They all scampered away I walked along near a pool of water . I could see tracks Bears and Wolves and panthers and yet I was not lonesome nor afraid as the Sun was lowering I said I must Kill one Buffalo -- as I slipped along among the Bushes I spied a very fat large animal lying down when in good range and good aim the Bullet entered near His heart He got up Shook Himself Then lay down and Died Of course the first Thing for me to work for the Choice Beef Just above the fore quarters five Ribs or Bones run straight up above the Back Bone around those ribs is the hump known as Buffalo Hump as I was ripping it out Lancaster and Crabtree came to Me just happened on Their Way Home The Boys related their adventures congratulating me very much for my big game they helped me to secure a large quantity of nice Beef Stake

We started for camp loaded with Choice Beef had eight miles to go we could see large herds of Buffalo before us They would divide and let us go along as we were talking about the beautiful Prairie country what a rich valley all at once we were astonished at the distant roaring rumbling we looked to the Northwest We all exclaimed a stampede, The Prarie was black Thousands coming toward us with Heads down tails up what shall we do no possible way of escape They are Mad here they come a Phalanx what will we do They cant see us -- we cant climb no Hills no trees level as a floor down with our Beef -- I says Boys get ready to shoot -- Lancaster said God sake dont shoot -- I shall never forget His looks as He looked at Me His Eye a glaze and glaired and Bugged out -- At once I said Josh be Brave we will stand the battle He said Nixon Rush if I was a young man like you I wount care remember I have got a wife and children I am responsible -- for common Josh was uncommon brave with a strong Mind and will Power -- but this was a dark sensational Moment -- we did the very thing to save our lives That is took off our Hats an Coats and waved and hollowed bellowed marching toward them as we walked close together they Buffalows divided part on the left and a part right The Ground trembled as they went tumbling by -- I remember the joy that filled our Hearts when it was all over That was an event I want my Grand Children to remember

With Joy we turned to our camp ready to report Then our hearts was made sad when Freeman failed to return He was advanced in years an old Hunter and started about the same time boasting He would get Big game We knew Him to be a bold Man and something had happened We waited long after dark but no Freeman Then we made a big light that He could see and come Home We would load our guns heavy fire off so He mite hear about 10 oclock we could hear Him coming When He arrived He was out of breath could hardly talk we all gathered around to hear the story -- He had went beyond the Sand Hills had crippled a young Heffer She began to ball He went near attempting to shoot again -- The Bulls gathered around He trying to save His cow at the same time fighting the Bulls The Bulls Surrounding Freeman in a way He had to Fight with His gun They held Him till dark somehow He gave them a slip and gained His liberty I have often heard how He felt when He gained this liberty what it ment to be free, I have just related a part of our expearence one day, about this time an

Indian was killed after He had crippled a young cow The Bulls turned against Him and He was gored to Death also His Pony gored till He died -- a succession of events Happening every day -- in passing the Pawnee Rocks of necessity we were on the look out Hundreds of white people had been murdered at this place The Indians would Hide in the cave in ambush then rush out kill and murder We approached the rock with care if you ever go to the Pawnee Rock you climb those towering Rocks and see the hundreds of Mames bedded in the Rocks it looked sad to see the old wagon tires loads of old Iron piled up witnessing against the Indians about twenty miles up the River from the rocks I was out Hunting in advance of the train I spied a company of Shian Indians sneaking along the River in the Brush I knew what that ment They were on the War Path Hundreds of White People going to the Gold mines every man must kill more or less the / must report have a thrilling tale to tell / Indian cattle They believed it to be robbery to see their Buffalo shot down by the thousands they must retaliate -- I reported to Captain Hall every Body began to fix for Battle we found a good camping place kept a close watch all night -- we are now in the great Antelope Belt We Had plenty good Fresh Meat -- we are on or travling the old California or santifee road a very public road the over land rout all the goods mearchandse is halled this Santafee supplies They go in great companys Their Wagons made for the purpose exceedingly larg Hubs and wheelles out of proportion Their Wagons is like a House travling a long the road -- we met a large caravian or company going up to Kansas City about 40 large wagons with a mixed company of People Itallians Indians Mexicans They were in camp had slaughtered a great many Buffalo just in the act of cureing or jerking the Beeffe for future use -- Some of the Boys was sitting on the Ground working Dough for Bread rather filthy -- I remember one night as we were Camping on the Banks of the Arkasas just above the great Buffalo crossing where a stream of Buffalos was crossing all night that reminded me of the roaring of the great Niagra Falls Thousands of Buffalos must have crossed that night as I stood guard great droves would pass near by as I lisened at their onward could hear shooting by a party of Emigrants that was camping near the crossing. The next morning was a very foggy time so much so you could see but a little way just as we had commenced to break up camp a drove of Big Buffalos came rushing around head long plunging in to ou Camp or corrill scatering things turning over Pots Woman screamed Babies cried Men yelled out look out look out The poor animals could not see on the account of the dence fog as / I had just returned from standing guard a grand display / they had been shot at so many times they went stampeeding around bewildered half chrazed No one hurt but little damage

We are moving along very slow Buffalo and Indians claiming our attention so much so we are the look out all the time One eavening our camp became much excited as we spied out a company of ambush Indians way off in the north west evidantly planning to attact us after dark -- with good management we warded them off

We have just passed the great cut off wheir hundreds of people turned back hearing bad news tramps reporting that all is a failure In fact part of my company including Lancaster turned back and traveled one day all against my wishes --

as we met a company from Burlington that we were acquainted with they having Fairy Tales to tell so we agreed to go back with them One man by the name of Townson swore He would shoot Mills on first site -- as Mills was one of my old friends that I loved -- I said to my self I will save Mills at all hazzards I will save him I will I knew Townson would kill as we were retrasing our steps and coming nearer and nearer ready to overtake our old company I went or kept way in advance in search of Mill and Family as He had an uncommon smart Family of Children -- when I met up with His Family I warned Them of Their dainger -- They immediately turned their course on an other road and went direct to Callifornia They will never forget that act of Love Mills and wife is both dead yet their children is there and doing well -- as we came in sight of The Rockey Mountains with Their Snow Cap crowns to me it was grand beyond disscription just as far as my eyes could see peak after peak towering aloft splitting clouds kissing the high heavens with exstattic joy exstacy I looked with wonder admiration and pleasure it had been the idol of my life to roam over the Rockys We arived in Peueblo early one morning at that time it was onely a little Trading point very insignifficent one big adob traiding House then 5 or 6 shacks That was Peueblo in 1859 while their I heard of a poor Gold Seeker that had been shot through -- I went direct to the shack wheir they wounded man was lying as I entered the shack they man was laying on an old Bed He looked at me with an uncommon wishful eye a pitiful object all a lone disconsolate I spoke a few kind words to him as I walked out of the room His wishful eyes glaired after me His company had went on and left Him to Die

From Peueblo we turned North a Wonderful country the Green Horn Mountains to the left Pikes Peak farther on clothed in Beauty and Magisty wearing a beutiful White Cap One of our brave young men dared any man to go with Him to the top of Pikes Peak I took Him up thought I would venture to go I could see it would be impracticable unless we had more time Bright and early the young man started alone night came on before He reached the sumit He had to clime a Brush of a tree and stay all night different times in the night the Mountain Lions Grizly Bears and Wolves went snuffing along when morning came He was ready to return a Wiser Man His experiance was grand to me He was uncommon corragious young man bold noble We stoped a while where Colorado City now stands one of the grandest spots on Earth for wild romance Those Grand old Canyons then those lofty Mountains the Gardon of the Gods near by with those wonderful Medical Springs and Sculpered Bust images - Goddesses representatives towering high and lofty I have visited that location 3 times since The Monument region that stands in defiant of all other wonders Not a white man living any way near I knew that was a wonderful country beggars disscription at this place I took a trip about ten miles alone just to be vengesom one of my wonderful vengersom hunts way off to the North East of the Monument Park I could see at one time as many as thirty antilope grasing and playing on the hills and ravenes I think during that day I could have counted four Hundred -- about mid day I went down in to a deep canion ventured my life for mere curosimy perhaps no man near than ten miles at one time I had a quear sensation it seamed as though my hair would stand on end I imagined I could

smell the Mountain Lion -- but very few men ever crossed the Plains that had such a good opportunity as my self nothing to do but hunt and play and see and walk many things occurring to me of great interest I cannot tell My heart was made glad when we came in plain view of Denver a small villidge -- we stoped a while at Denver our company scattering I commenced at once to wash for Gold using a big Pan Made some Money Brought a cradle washed with a cradle as their was more or less Gold on Cherry Creek and the plat River -- The Shian Indians and Kyans two large tribbs lived or camped near Denver at that time the utes lived in the Mountains the utes was a very bad Indian Thay would come down and steal the Shian Ponies so the Shyans declaired war against them The held a counsil not far from our camp about Dusk I ventured to their large counsel House made of Buffalo hides -- before Their Counsel they Marched a war parade and sang their war songs hilo ilo solo ageo agio ageo go a ga gro yo ye cu cu o cu Then they marched direct to the Councel House They formed a ring or circle Their oratory or great speakers occupyng they center I was the onely white man that ventured to peap in I walked boldly to one side lifting the curtain just a nough to have a good view -- the Oldest man made the first speach He was very eloquent used many fine jesturs I could almost keep along with Him They excitement ran high to a high pitch -- Then they the next speaker a dignified man dressed in Indian costom rather ornimental He carried the war spirit high When he got through as They had been good to me I had better with draw believing I had received lasting good a seen fresh on my mind The next day we met the poor Indians going to war full of glee and courage a very hansome company of young warriors full of life Their leaders riding beutiful white Horses in a few days the returned badly whiped as they were not able to cope with the Yutes in the Mountains as they had all they advantge and knew how to take the advancage They returned loosing about half of their Ponies and a few men

From Denver we moved to golden city 12 miles here we stade a while just at the foot of the Mountains I took one trip a lone due south over a spur of the Mountains to see what I Thought of the country and to get a suppy of fresh meat while over their the Yutes got after me at once I could see I had to run or Die in my cunning way I soon mad my escape but then I never wanted to repeat that seen From golden we crossed over the rugget Mon to Black Hawk then to Central City here the most of our company got together we organized and became a Mining Band or Company The reason I went alone so much I had no one to go with me every man had a place to fill While on the Plains Captain Hall had a fine watch stolen by some one of our company as over half of our company was Masons The thief a high Mason in order to save the Thief They tryed to implicate my self -- of course I was in hot water for a while that was the first time I had ever been accused of stealing Captain Hall would not let it come to a trial He knew that I was inocent -- One day He said to me Mr Rush don't let this thing trouble you I know you are inocent just be quiet it will soon pass over -- Now we have commenced Mining in earnest I have gained the essteem of all the Thief himself so much so that they company elected me Cook and grub manager that showed that they had implisit confidance in me at first I was bothered about cooking things dun I soon found the cause The altitude so great air so thin I found I had to confine the heat then my beans and meat would cook I found I could work about four hours a day and have plenty



time to do the cooking Our first Clame was good we took out a fine lot of Gold finally it began to fail we gave it up went East of Central City took a claim worked a while here I found a poor man that had been deserted a sufferer from an attacked of inflamitary Rumatism I did all I could for Him He lived alone in a little tent I would go to Him in the dark hours of night fix Him some thing to eat look after His general interest I felt very sorry for the poor man but had to go and leave Him do not know what became of the man

I witnessed the first Woman that entered Central City it caused quite a sensation by the waving of hats cheer after cheer She was a very modist looking Woman Made a nice appearance it was a city of Men

While in Cuba in 1905 I became acquainted with a man as I related to Him how the People received and honered the first Woman that entered the city he laughed and said His Father witness the same event

Brother Bontie a man that was with us in crossing the plains took the Mountain Feaver and Died We Bured Him under a large pine tree He was a poartly Man rather large sandy complexion a kind goodly man beloved but He had to go -- Our Claim we first took an other company took it and worked a while then sold it for six Thousand dollars -- I did love to live in the Mountains slip out and hunt a little for at that time the Mountain Goat Bairs Mountain Lions Ealks deer and turkeys was pleanty -- Some of our company becoming home sick concluded they would go east as our Cattle had wandered way up the Mountains some one had to go in search of Them The voted for me to go -- so far I had no notion of returning home I began to climb the mountains in search of the Cattle it took me a while to find any trace of them in my round I came in close quarters of a large heard of Elk that was grazing at leasure on the hills side I felt a little lonesome among the thick Pine Trees when I knew the Woods and Mountains had mor or less dangerous animals prowling about while in the solitude I became very thoughtful began to wish myself back Home -- all at once I said I will go, about that time I found my Cattle after collecting them I drove them back to camp and told my company that I was going to get out of the Mountains I would go down with Them to Denver early the next morning we began to divid and make settlement a part of our company going back about two thirds remaning

I think 28 day of 8th Mo. 1859 My health perfec weighing 166 We had a lively company Lancaster a kind hearted man of noble qualities a good leader The mountains so rough made our decent slow I remember distincly our last camp in the mountains I was unusially lively and chearful -- That was the last well day I spent for a long time we arrived in Golden City about noon here I became unwell yet I wert about our company buying their outfit to cross The Plains.

I became acquainted with a Family by the name of Smiths at one time was very wealthy mearchants living in Demoin Iowa going to Colorado they embarked in some kind of business that caused them to loose their wealth which proved their ruin Smith began to drink from bad to worse He had been on a Drunk for 3 weeks His wif a roble looking woman with four children Three Girls and one Boy The oldest Girl about twenty one a beutiful Girl They all Declaired they would not live with a Drunkard so they planed to cross The Playns back to Ioway.



They wanted that I should drive their ox team about four hundred and fifty miles that would be to the place when they would turn for Ioway I told them I would take charge of their team if they would board me and pay me ten dollars = at that time my health was so poor I would have to start and go with Lancaster untill my health got so I could drive the ox team

We started from Golden City the 2 day of 9 mo I took my place in Lancasters wagon The Smiths Family leaving the old man Drunk started in our company hoping that I should soon be able to take charge of their team The family had lived altogether in town knew nothing about such work it was diverting to see the Girls trying to drive contrary oxen and Pop Their Whip -- but in stead of getting better I gradually grew worse in fact I was taking the Mountain feever = we crossed the Platt River twelve miles below Denver I was struck with aw and amazement as I looked back on the grander and glory of the Snow Capped Mountains as but yesterday the seen is with me the wonders of the rockeys = Then Those Poor Smith Girls having such hard time with Their Cattle

My Feaver became raging My mind dethroned Started on a long journey of 650 miles in an old wagon lying on straw no Bed, a raging Feaver No Medicin not a Morsal fit for a sick Man to eat no nurse no one to wipe the tear from my eyes to hold my hands as I would swing them to and forth I had but little money could buy no food suited for sick folks unconscious of all the Surroundings I roled and tumbled on my Straw Bed no change of clothing as I had but one suit for days and weeks I was corroded and wollowing in straw with out a hand to hold me as Lancaster had His hands full in guiding His unruly cattle but little time to look after Me His noble heart and willing mind would do all in His Power for my safty and comfort He was put to His wits to find food or nourishment to sustain life We had Bacon and Meal Beans and coffee but nothing suited for sick folks. Their were a great many small Buffalo Birds flying a round that would come near and light on the Cattle Lancaster with His long Whip with a quick cut and jurk would capture a Bird, He claimed His hand and Whip wa guided by an over ruling Providance Thus my wants or lif was looked after for six weeks = we had traveled about two weeks this way with out any Medisin — one morning about ten oclock we met a company of emigrants going west that had a Dr in their company He was a small man well dressed wore a plug Hat at once He was solisited to look after my wants and administer Medisin

In examining and thumpin turning me about lisining at the Throb of my heart I became conscious can remember disstinct the Dr how He looked then the company as they came and looked in the wagon their action as they would go a way every Thing looked dark a forlorne I remember disstinct the words of the Dr just as He turned away He raised His Hand then droped it down and Said I will give no Medisin - He is a Dead Man —

Their was a Pall settled over the company for a while a feeling of sadness hovered in the camp with a raging feaver my mind was soon dethroned again = we traveled a bout one week longer in this condition Delarious with a hot feever, about two oclock one eavening a company of Indians came to our wagon Beging for food and old clothing

In this condition my mind partly revived but not clear I can remember the Indians in their Blankets how they looked in to the wagon their big Black eyes

pearing in to my face and eyes as they had a big Paper of reccommendation from some officer of note — I immagined that they Indians was Buyind Me giving all that country around in exchange — I remember the Country rather roling distant Hills beutiful Plains vallies with a strip of willow I conceived a bright thought — The Best Thing for Me was to get out or run away time passed very fast so about Mid night when all parties was sound a sleep I crawled out of the Wagon Some way in climeing over the end Board I fell on the tongue or double Trees and Broke my nose which Blead profusely which remained crooked for eight years My thought was to go direct to the River Parched with feever aching head heated Breath I plunged in to the water I can remember some things distinctly that occured while wading and trying to swim at that time the Platt River was high on account of Melting Snow in the Mountains

I wandered up the River and crossed over to the Indian Camp about four hundred wild Indians The sun had just come up clear and beutiful Birds singing a few cotten wood trees stood along the River My appearance was hagdard and bad in the extreeme The Indians was confounded They did not know what to do with such a Man

About this time consternation was in the camp every one was on the look out with amazement kindred to alarm a company had went down in to the river on the look out as They saw a bunch of drift or flag

They hollowed out hel lo hel lo we have found Him

Lancaster went up the River about two miles met an old Indian riding a beutiful Bay Pony He at once made known by signs what He wanted The Indian let Lancaster know that He knew my where abouts but proved to be stubborn would not tell — Then He by signs said he would give a Cup of green Coffee The Indian accepted the proposition — Nothing happened yesterday that I remember clearer than seeing the old Indian and Lancaster coming after me The Indian was about three rod or four rod in advance coming in a lope Lancaster trying to keep near The Indian wrode up near my arm gathered holt to lift me up behind Him His Pony small He a large portly fellow of course I Scrabble away from his terable grip I shall never forget that look of teror mingled with vengance that was depicted on Lancasters Face as He took me in His arms and Then Throwed me behind the old Indian as He said what in the Diggains ar you doing here among these Indians /about four Hundred in camp I can see the camp now /

All this time my mind was not clear though I can remember things so well — by the time we got to the camp I did not know any thing all dark I had not been in the wagon but a little while till my feaver began to leave I be came very weak My sistom relaxed that day we traveled all dark to me I began to sink away dureing the night and next day my feaver had entirely left me I was so prostrate and lifeless the thought I could not live till morning — The great event of my life occured about two oclock the second morning after wading the River

My mind became clear conciousness restored again in my right mind I called Lancaster inquireing our where abouts He said we left the Rockeys 3 weeks ago and had traveled over Three hundred miles I said how can That be I could see the Rockey Mountains yesterday where have we been all this time how many miles do we have to go yet when I was told over Three hundred miles — Lancaster said



Nixon you have been an awful sick man you have the Mountain fever after resting a little my life stood a panarama before me My sin oh my sins The Pangs of Hell took hold of me lost no hope forsaken remorse The Heavens became Brass Joshua I am lost Pray for me. He said Nixon pray for your self --I cant You must pray

He had struck a match and lit the candle We had a dim light I took holt of His arm -- at once He began to pray but to pray for Him self and confess Lord I am a back slider I have wandered far from Thee I am a great sinner as the great tears ran down His face and droped on my Face Then His voice became strong His words quick and fast as He began to pray for me That Manley form bending over my poor Body tears still droping on my face -- Then my heart began to soften Heaven opened Grace tuched my soul The light of Life quickened The inner man Then I began to pray to the One that said ask and ye shall receive Love filled my heart Joy came I receive the great blessing, saved my sins removed washed away --I receive the atonement a Child of God I belong to Family of God a converted man A great chang took place in the middle of what we the termed the great American Desert surrounded by wild Indians and Buffalo I was very weak and prostrate -- Three days after my conversion I Pined away became unconscious So they company halted one day wating for me to Die They thought at different times that I was in the Throues of Death as they would take the last look Those dear Girls would look on with tears in ther eyes -- The next day I rallied came to my rite mind gave orders how to Bury and to pile Stones on my grave to keep the wolves from knawing my Bones = I became a great sufferer beyond disscription The jolting of the wagon by day the rattling of chains by night as the oxen often had to be chained to the wagon for safety

I remember one foggy morning so thick and dence we could not see but a little way drear and lonesome men all looking after their Cattle I a lone in the wagon depresed and suffering -- all at once a bright light above noon day shoned in the wagon an audible voice plain and disstinct said Nixon Rush Their is a better day for Thee I believed it to be of the Lord took holt of my entire Being and from that time on believed I would get well however I know it / or promis / has been fulfilled in my experiance but few men have been blessed more than myself in every way temporable and spiritual -- One day a company of Indians came to the wagon looked on with a pitiing eye could see my desolate hagar look so poor and thin -- They said it would be mercy to kill the Boy Shoot Him Poor Man

At another time about sun set as we had struck camp on the Banks of the river the men had all went away to look after their Cattle -- Their was Three Indian squass or woman came in to the camp They had been looking around to me rather suspisious I was in the wagon located in a way that I could readily see Their Movements I see the Squaw grab the little Boy Baby and hide it under Hur Blanket then make for the Brush a long the River as well as I could gave the alarm I shall never forget the frightful Scream and hustling untill the Babe had been recovered how quick the Indians disappeared before a shot gun or Revolver could be had / Wen the men returned on hearing the sad story vengeans was declared -- then in counsel they all agreed the best way would be to let them go /



At another time an old Indian came to the wagon on a beautiful Poney. He wanted to sell a Lararett made of raw Buffalo Hide that was valuable. Lancaster looked at the rope said He would give 50 cts for it. He wanted one dollar. The Indian grabbed the 1/2 dollar away. He went money rope and all. Lancaster grabbed his gun to shoot. I plead dont shoot if we kill Him then the whole tribe will be after us we will have to suffer — before this occurred we had left our Party. They going down the River. We struck a be line for fourt Carney a near cut for Home just before we landed at the fourt my Bowels and stomach became inactive dead dull.

When we landed at the Fort we called for the Dr who came promptly examined me very close said it is a Bad case beyond the reach of Medicine — I tell you what I will do I will kill or cure — the very words He used. Lancaster said I will give the Medisin. He gave me ground glass with other cutting medisin. As we left the old Fort I have not forgotten the sad look the long Face that Face that told the story of a deep emotional sad heart. He thought I would Die in less than 24 hours, the Medisin soon began to act on my sistom nerved my entire being great quantities of Blood passed from me again I was weaken down to almost a lifeless form so weak I could hardly live.

In about two days we came to Salt Creek a very rich country just settling up we stoped on the Banks of the Creek to camp — The Family that lived near by in a log cabin learned my condition came at once to my relief said it will not do to camp out. The man may Die before morning. Lancaster took me in His arms. He soon placed me in a snug Bed. Oh What a treat, Those Dear People looked at Me with amazement and simpathy. They said you will have to stop here a few days if you dont He will Die, out of the goodness of Their hearts They made Me feel at Home, We accepted their offer and remained two days. What a wonderful oases a real resting how good people can be.

I was very weak but said we must go I will riske it we must go.

It was a beautiful bright morning. The Family gathered around to bid Me Farewell. The Birds would sing for Me. The Dove Fly a long. The Big road everything to comfort Me. Act for Medisin, We just passed the great Buffalo range coming in to civilization. I reminded Lancaster that He Promised me after I had come to my right mind — that I would get to shoot an Old Buffalo before we got Through to our home. Cant you see I cant walk — Well He said I had to say something to keep you in good heart. Now we will soon be their we will surprise Them. They dont know anything about us we will soon be Their — so that Dear Man always had words of courage. I watched His countinace deeper Than words. He had a big face.

I was keeping my vow to be good and serve my God — No tongue can tell the suffering that I had to endure — remember on My Back I had to lay Day and night endure the Jolts the lack of good water and nourishing food. My Mind became weak with My Body. Lancaster said Well Nixon we will camp on this little creek to night to Morrow night we will be at Home how it gladden my heart.

The next morning we got an early start every thing went well. The Birds would still sing for me. My appetite was getting a little better. The day was wearing away. The sun going down. The curtains of darkness coming. Will we get their — Yess we will get their he said.

I think about the 14 of the 10 mo October shure a nough Lancaster drove on The East end of a Beutiful Log House Nixon you be still be very quiet I will take Them on a Surprise I felt it to be a Momentious time so lay still Lancaster went to the Door and knocked some one said Come in He entered the House for a Moment every thing still then such a clatter crying and laughing I heard then say wheir is Nixon He is not well was the answer I will go out and have Him to come in Lancaster came out to the waggon trimbling voice Nixon the are all well He took me in His Dear Arms carying me in the House as easy as if I had been a Doll

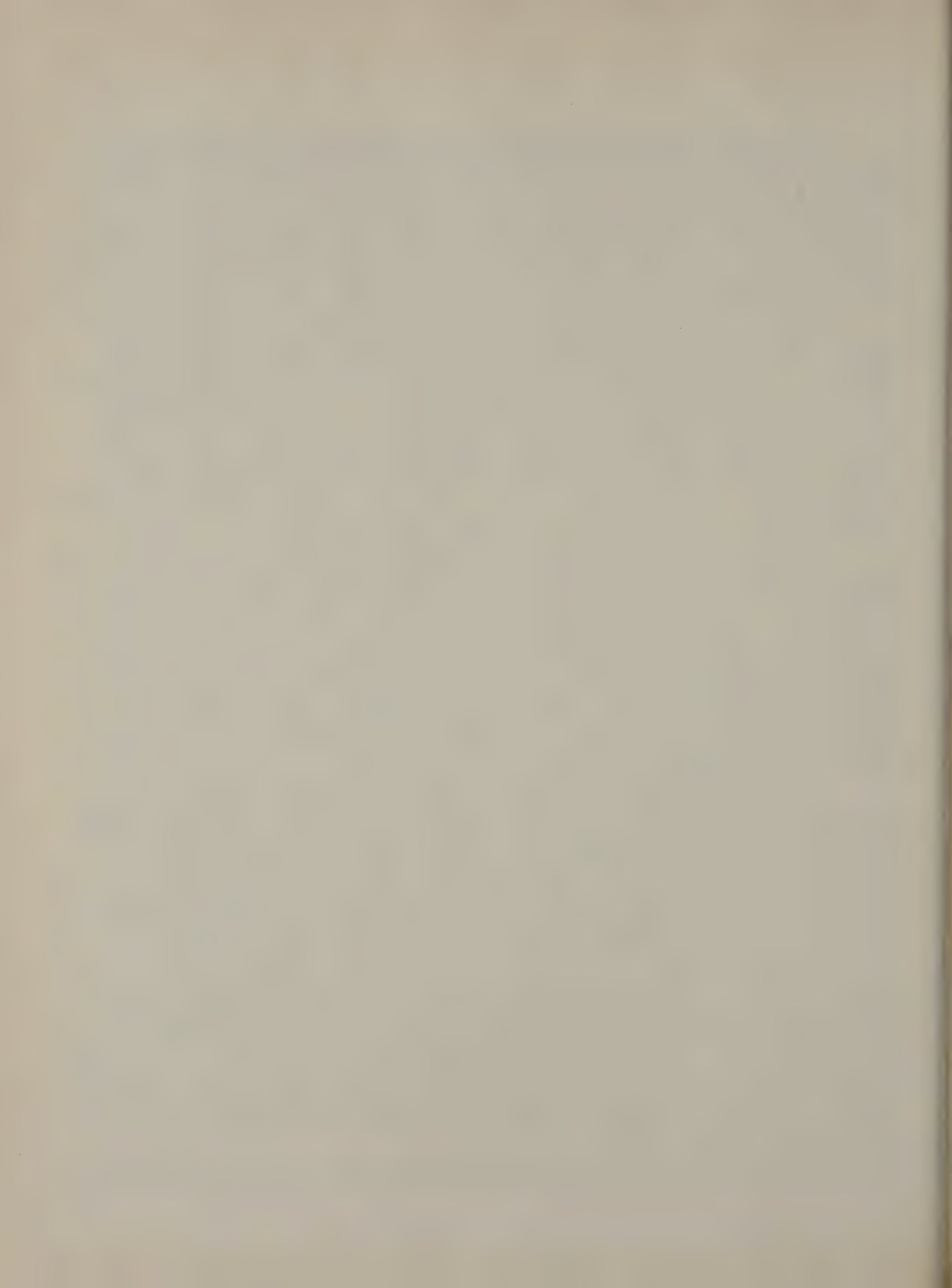
When Cousin Darcus (the wife and Mother) first looked in to My Face She began to Cry The Children gathered around Me Well it seemed like a Funeral occation I shall never forget that night My heart full of joy and gladness a good Bed plenty of suitable food kind hands and hearts = My old Aunt Drindy Hale /Fathers sister / a blessed good old woman lived one mile east of Lancasters I was very anxious to get to Her Home The next morning every Things was made ready The wagon had to be thoroughly washed and clens it on account a long seage of Feaver causing the feaver smell The Blood still on the double trees from a Broken nose / every Thing was made ready for my reception at my Dear aunts about 3 oclock in the eavening I was snugly tucked in the wagon /

I was taken their where I was well taken care of They had plenty yet my aunt had to watch and care that I did not over eat as my appatite was so demanding My dear cousin A Henley was gld to see me all my old Neighbours was kind and good I became over anxious to return Home back to Indiana we soon had our plans all made to start back Home about the 25 of 10 Mo I had gained strength very fast Alphes Henly was well and kind I knew would take care of Me so on the 25 we were ready for our Trip Cousin Samyel Hale proposed to take us through to Levenworth City with a good out fit for camping with trusty oxin we had a lively time Samuel found an Indian skull which He gave to me — We arrived in due time in the city We parted in much love soon on our way

Ine due time we arived in Anderson at that time the cars was not running to Fairmount so we had to look out some other way we remined over night at Hotell soon found a good way to our comfort in an old wagon by this time I was gaining fast began to be lively cheerful I shall never forget how I felt when I first arrived in plain view of my old town ready at once to give my old Indian War whoop with gladness My Friends hardly knew me I found my way as quick as posible to Rush Hill oh what a Blessed time we had My Dear old Mother gathered me around the neck huged and kissed me I went away fat came Hom thin and poor

A real home coming of great joy it was Blesset to sleep again in Mothers Bed Then the great treat and Joy of meeting Four Dear loving Sisters and three Brothers that had been so kind and good to me Brother John lived three miles South My First walk out in the old orchard was very exciting from the fact that all the time that I spent in the West I see but very few orchards Those I did see was of very poor quality — Then to come in to an orchard loaded down with large fine fruit large red apples all about on the ground! At that time this was one of the greatest fruit country in the Whole World

/My Dear Sister Millicent had married in 58 setled North West of oak ridge one mile it was my good pleasure to be at Her Home She was a loving Sister to me /



Then I had a range of associates for miles a round which ment old fassion hand shaken which proved to be a time of great exstacy and many compliments I soon began to hussel around to acquir or make a little money embarking in easy speculation by this time my mind became very active and searching -- I kept my religious conviction to my self finding a little time to good reading occationally dropping in with Ministers and good peopl where I could open up a little on the great questian of Life and Salvation

At times I became very lonesome My old play mates and associates had scattered a few had Married some had moved a way others Had Died Children had grown to be men and wimon to me was not as I thought it would be I wished my self

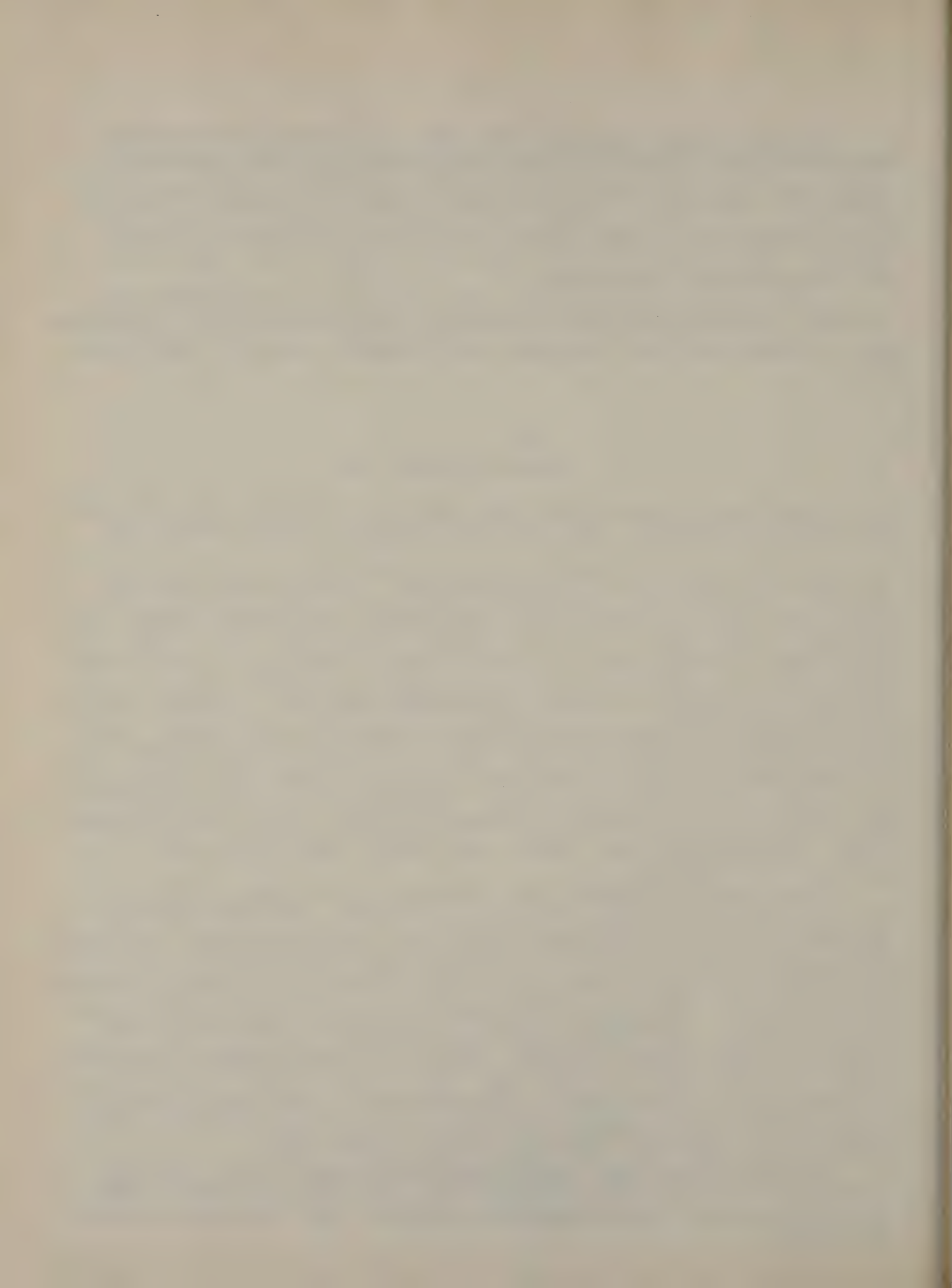
Pa
Portage 7st Mo 8 1913

It has been just two mo today since I came to this or sojourn this Winter with Dr Calvin Rush and Family I will now resume my Journal nearly 77 years old

About the middle of December I rented my Mothers Farm Rush Hill began to plan future work and prepair for tilling the Ground I found my credit very good I could have bought tousands of dollars worth of stock and property on time when I found my Friends wanted to for my good sell on time it made me all the more careful in my dealing -- I stood in need of a good work team I went to see Carter Haistings to buy a three years old Horse that I took a fancy to I found Him at Home I soon made known my business I told Him I did not have any money I wanted to buy on 12 moths time at six percent interest -- That is as good as I want He said Then He told me what He wanted for the Horse I Said I will give it At once I made out the Note and signed it He gave me the Bridle I was soon stradle of my own Horse on my way Home. I went Home feeling good The Horse proved to be as good as Gold true strong and sound He went by the name of Carter. I stood in need of another Horse did not take me long to find the one I wanted The trade was made just as before on time Both Bays

I soon commenced Hawling Pork to Anderson from Jonesboro in those days Tom Jay bought most the Hogs in that part of the Country killed and salted down so it became a good Buisness to hawl in this way I made some money I had bought Hogs calves and corn on time I thought in this way I was doing Well about the first of Feb 1860 I took down with a curious kind of Feaver old Dr Horn of Jonesboro was call to see me He said I had the dregs of the Mountain Fever and it would go very hard with me He thought He could cure me though for a while my life was dispaired of People though I would die With the very best of medical aid and good nursing a good Mother I was soon well Then a severe attact of Newralsa set in caused me to suffer intensley -- I soon rallied with my mind turned to business I began to look a round to buying a little Farm I found I could buy 50 acres west joining the Rush Hill Farm I had no money so I Borrowed money

Then the trade was made by this time I found myself in debt about the 10 of March I sold my Kansas Land for \$500 00 just at that time I sold 40 acres of Land lying six miles west of Rush Hill for \$500 00 now I was ready to start in for business



I felt it to be obligatory and binding on me to keep up my religious covinant I went to meeting twice a week cultivating good thoughts as warm weather long days two Farms to look after it played on my religious life buisness took the place of a religious life

As my mind was active and quick naturally a lover of young company looking after suitable association I found no trouble in having a good time

at this time I was a bout 24 years old yet I knew I was not quite ready to marry Tho it would be a good thing to look about and see if I could find any one I wanted. I had become acquainte with lovely Girls on Deer Creek about eight Girls good First class lived near North Grove a few at Back Creek in and about Fairmount a fine lot of Girls I wanted my choice out of the company I knew it took two to make a bargan So I knew I would have to be very Nice and cunning if I got my Choice as yet I could not tell which one out of the 35 I wanted — in the mean time some of us youngsters thought a good literary Society would be a good thing I was elected Presidant I filled the office to good satisfaction but that did not help me to hunt a wife This took place in September My crop had grow off nice a bountiful crop of oats corn good fine apples I found I could buy apples at 50 cts per bu and sell at one dollar I went in to cidar business I sold my apples and cider in Wind Fall Kokomo Huntingtown Wabash Our orchards being older gave us fruit first indeed was to my advantage Some times I could clear \$20 00 and do most of my work

I think about the Middle of October one beutiful Sabath morning I thought I would visit the Young People of Back Creek and North Grove I attended the Meeting at Back Creek a good old fashion meeting we sit a little while in silence then preaching and praying it was good for me and eddifying had a good Dinner not far from the meeting House in the evening in company with other young people We went down to Daniel Winslows They had two lively Girls I had met with them in a Spelling School also met the Brooks Girls the Pemberton Girls as lively good natured apt conversationist courtious the suited me well D Winslows lived in a big old fashioned House two large rooms with Bedrooms cut off Then upstairs rooms along the south side of the entire building they had an old fashioned wide porch a good place a dandy for young people to play and talk I think about 15 or 20 as lively chearful happy set as we often see

We had spent a while in play then volentary uncerimonially dropped down in our seats or chairs I had hardly formed acquaintance with Daniels Girls the oldest Asenneth had tought school a very sedate sober Girl apt in a joke good company — Louisa still younger very witty good looking jet Black hair black eyes no one could hed Her off with a lively disposition made Her company desireable

After we had been sitting for a while in conversation they company were all sitting along the wall of the porch I took my seat in front where I could face the croud of four Boys 15 or more Girls — All at once Louisa deliberately rose up walked out east of the House picked up a bucket went to poup one of those old fashioned pumps made out of a log The old pump went carack carack where I set I could see the entire movement

I was the only one that could see Louisas performance thinks I what will the Girl do with that bucket of water well she went on a bee line due east in the old orchard — I can just see that dear Girl bare hoded trudging along with a big



bucket of water . I knew it would not do for me to let that company know what my eyes was doing so I kept my part of the conversation my head at the same time moving just as I turned my head the last time the Bucket dropped A beautiful Calf come running I will never forget that form as she stood with one hand resting on Her Hip with the other hand hanging by Her side whil that beautiful little spotted calf took it evening drink That made a lasting impresshion on my mind as I turned my eyes away from that beautiful Picture — I said that Girl is worth having

Tho at that time I had no thought she would ever be my wife difference in our age My mind turned in another direction but then the winter came on I was very buisily engague in my huckstering work two Farms to look after My Mother a widow woman claimed my attention one of the best mothers in the Wourld I would spend a little while nearly every eavening reading Earley Friends writings which was such a comfort to Her I wanted to do that I found would comfort She had great confidance in me I have heard Her say I have never caught Nixon in a story yet

The year 1860 proved to be an eventful year with me a middle ground year turning point tho this was not the year that I decided who I would marry I thought some day I would make my future home in Kansas This was the year of mental activity great trials came on me in 1860

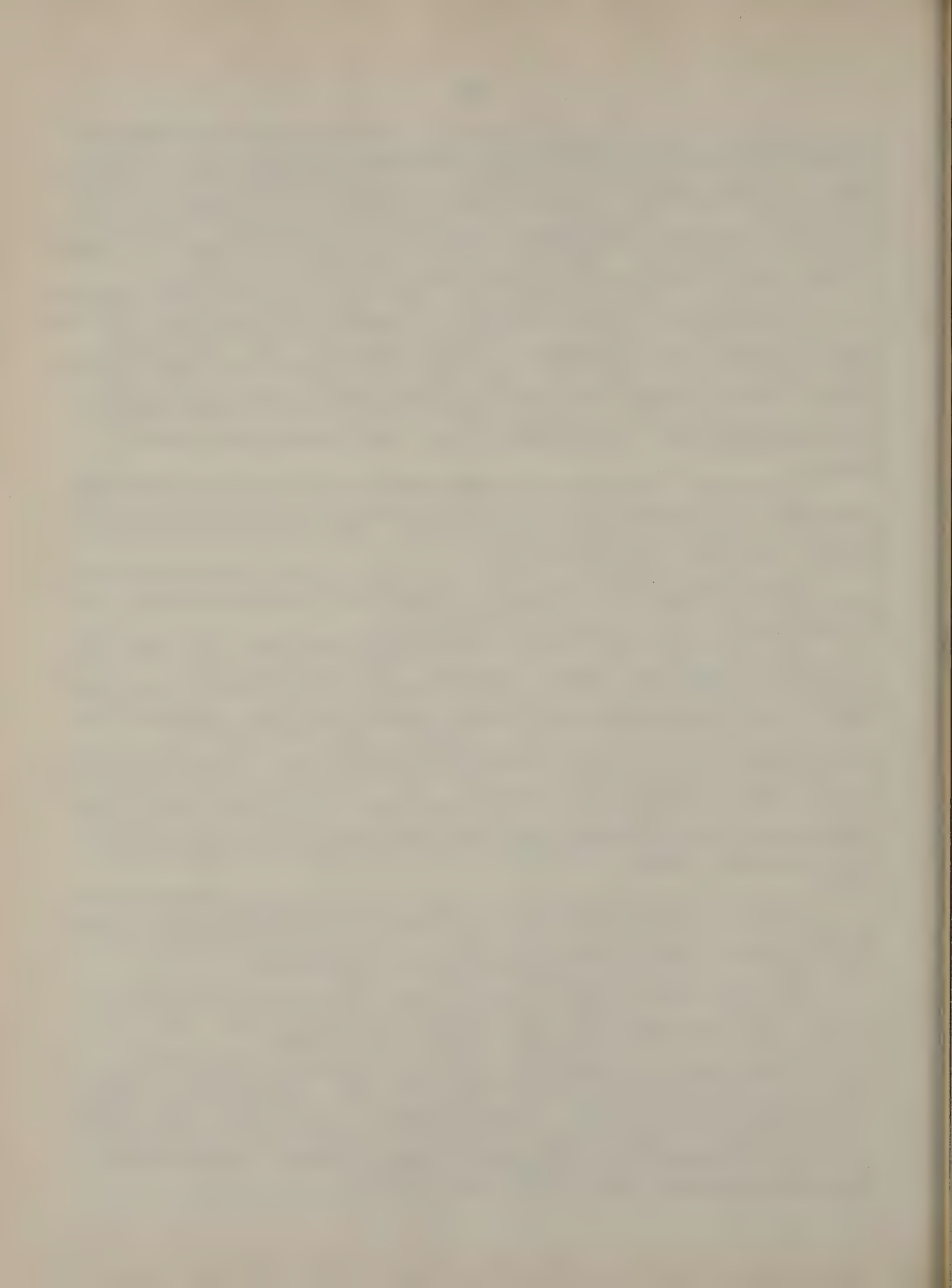
Not only great hardships and trials I had to meet but on the other hand 1860 was caracterized as the time of settled in business life I became convinced I must do something not only for myself but for the world

This was the year that I bought my Farm West of Rush Hill My Sister Anna was at Home lively Jane chearful had a good with them in our Home — My sister Millicent married while I was in the West to Elwood Haisley the lived near Oak Ridge I had good times with them in their pleasant Home The evenings of 1860 were often spent among my relatives My Brother John and Family lived Brother Calvin and Family both lived 3 Miles South of Home My visits with Each Family in Their Pleasant Homes was grand — Then in our Home on Rush Hill language will fail to tell the good times pleasant association that clustered around in the old Home stid untill My Brother Thomas was taken down with the Bone Erysipulas His suffering was intense only lived about two weeks then passed to the great beyond

/ Died on 21 day of 10 Mo 1860 a large Funeral Meeting good preaching/ He was often heard in prayer talked to each Member of the Family privately His word of counsel chosen words had a wonderful influence on the entire Family I loved Thomas as I loved my own life He was a wonderful Boy

Sister Jane ever remained at Home this time She was in good health tho slender She was a ready helper our family redused down to three Jane was a womanly turned like a mother to me She Died 4 Mo 2 1865

In 1860 was the great polittical controversy between the North and South between the Republican party and the Democratic Party The Democrat to a man stood for the South and Slavery we had hot times I got in trouble three different times as I would declair my hatred to the sistom of slavery and denounced the Democrat Party because the would uphold slavery or the South Indiana was at that time a Democratic State I want to say more later



I cast my first vote for president in 1860 We had to go two miles east of Fairmount to vote for A Lincoln that election proved to be a strike at the South in one month after the election South Carolina seceded declared Independence then took Fort Sumter other States followed immediately this proved to be a great trial to me from the fact I knew that war was inevitable I could not believe in war I knew that it could not be right according to the New Testament I hated the system of Slavery it became a great trial to me as Buchanan was President of U S He stood for the South The Arsenal ammunition had all been sent South Then with the Sympathy of the North I knew it would be a hard struggle War had not yet been declared I knew what would come a terrible struggle now to decide for my self so in 1860 I decided I could not take up arms to slay my fellow Man I held the New Testament responsible for my decision This is the reason I could not go to war otherwise I would have gone.

1861 was an eventful year in many ways Many of our young men and a great many old Men enlisted leaving Families loved ones to defend Their Country At times great excitement prevailed yet I kept the War Spirit down as well as I could — As my mind had become convinced that the time had about come to find a suitable companion for life it was a matter of great Consequence I was almost afraid to bind my self to any Woman for fear I would make a grand Misstake — I had been and lived in Families when I had to listen to Families fusses or listen to an old scolding Wife or a Woman with a long sour face grumbling and fussing about her clothing I had not had a new dress for six months one wife said if My Man was only like some other Men she would live happy

While living in Kansas I lived a while in a Family the Wife would curse Her Husband one time she took the Butcher knife made after the Poor Husband — well such things would come up when I would think about Mairing Then I would call to mind the Noble kind hearted loving sweet smiling Faces good Mothers Well I will risket I remembered when I was about 18 I made a study of Human Nature if there is any Thing bad hid a way down deep in the Heart I could find it out I had been spending my spare time very comfortably especially Sabbath evenings with the young people in the different neighborhoods

Well I got in earnest so much so I would dream about it one night I had a lovely dream I found the Girl that just suited me Now I am all right so I got married then in a little while her face got rough and ugly I found poor stuff what will I do Then I found it was just a dream I was all right

About the 10 of the 5th Mo 1861 a beautiful Sabbath morning all nature smiling The Birds in every Tree was busily singing and fluttering from Branch to branch I could see They were mated off Well why is it that I am not mated I became very lonely Then I said They call me old Bachelor I am going to put a stop to that There is a Woman for me I will find Her I can and I will That was a sun shiny day I went to Meeting did not have much to say to any one — after dinner I put the saddle on my Rone Horse started down North not knowing where I was going I had two Farm Houses in view — I stopped at Back Creek Literary as I was one of the officers and went through with my program I felt as though all the youngsters could see something was up Well Dick has come Home back What does that mean I will guess guess

I was soon on my way Northe I thought of going to Dear Creek Their was a good Girl lived in the Neighbourhood that stood high rather heavy set with rosy cheeks beutiful mouth with eyes full of Love rather graceful I all most Loved Her I remember so well just as I passed the old grave yard I said This thing has got to be settled I soon come to the road that goes West Well I will stop very thing with me to turn and go back Home will not do as I was taught to pray I believed in I knew the Bible tells me ask and ye shall receive I knew the Bible says a man shall leave His Father and Mother then cleave to His Wife I felt like I could do that — but then will the Lord make us one flesh then I could ask the Lord to help I shall always believe He help me to decide and directed my course

Just before I came to the road that runs West I told my Horse to go the way He please He very willingly went North just before we got to Danual Winslows I thought of That Girl in the orchard with one hand resting on Her hips and other hanging by Her side while the Spotted Calf took Her evening drink As that was the Farm Home I sorter had in view when I left my Home and now I had fully decided I would make a terrible effort to gain Louisas Love — hitched my Horse in a good place then with a little misgivings and a lack of courage yet I knew I was in my proper place and on legitamits buisness so I ventured to the Home found the desired ones with other youngsters This was a critical time Yet I phaned of real well I had a real smile on my face began to talk and Joke with different parties we did have a plesent time They all looked a little surprised Why I should call in that time of day after sun set I knew I had to scheme a little So I thought it would not be wise to stay very long I began to play a round at an oppertune time I said to Louisa Well Louisa I want to come again in two weeks as She was not expecting such a propposition she hardly knew just wat to say then yes all right I would rather gone back in one week I thought it would not be wise to be to fresh or over anxious as I had just began to court for Love

As I had accomplish my Mission so far I was ready to go Home very hopeful prospects good in the Midts of a big crop Hogs doing well corn growing fast oats looks well clover nearly ready to cut wheat ready to head out — back to my appointment had a good visit a lively time I see it will take a while to win already a problem in the excitement of War times Governor Morton to be at Marion the great War Governor noted for His power in oritory I went to hear Him a great crowd of people to hear Him and to be at the rally in the big grove on the 4 of July 1861 Louisa was there I find she has two Fellows that is paying their respects one is with Her on the Gound I thought it would be well a nough to eye their movements I thought I could see a little mutual affection look like courting Sure I will not be cut out I will have to work the harder

I planned and worked so I could be with Louisa once a week I could see a little jealousy cropping out not only among the Boys but Girls yet I was very careful to be kind and good. When I opened up and told Louisa my future prospects to settle down to live a quiet life I wanted a Woman to live with me to share my sorrows as well as prosperity — among the Millions of Women in the World she or Louisa Thee is my choice I want Thee to believe I am in earnest — The first word she said Nixon I am too young to marry I am not 18 years old yet I told or said it

might be too young for Some Girls but to take Thy Mind and Phisical development I thought sure Thee is old a nough to become My Wife. I want a while to think about it to consult my Pairents I think in about one week She Said Nixon I am ready to go with Thee untill Death Shall sepperate us = I shall never forget the feeling of my heart

From that decision ever after untill Her Death She was My Girl The mutual relation and Sympathy that existed in courting Love permeated my entire Being or Manhood for fifty years afterwards — For the next two months I was very buisey with my crop going to parties in order to be with Louisa Sabath eavening with with Her at the Homestid

Wartimes some said Nixon will go to the War others said He will get Married all this time I was skeeming planing buying Things for future use hoping for a home of my own building air castles with bright antiscipation One thing I dreaded that was to ask Danual and Rebecca if They would let me have Louisa to stand in their presance on such a mission was on Holy Ground - The thought that I had any claim what ever on Their Girl it looked like presuming

The solemn event was to take place about the first of 10 mo 1861 we had made the necessary arangement about 10 days before hand I had so many things to look after up to two days before the Sacred event the that had to be accoplise in those two days To me to be imposibile I had 40 bu of apples on hands that had to be disposed off I had my apples all in the wagon ready for Kokomo 35 miles I just at noon drove with in four miles of Kokomo I stoped in a regular old talkative old sellar I did not feel so much like talking yet I had to talk finelly I told Him I must go to Bed as I had a wonderful days work to do to morrow we were up in good time and on my way to The City at first apples sold rather slow I said well I must do better than this if I get permission to marry Louisa to night have but few hours to go on I must be There to night at 7 oclock I doubled my energy Sold apples fast I traded for Things we would have to have to keep House War times people did not crave apples I closed out my last apple 1/2 past 12 Then I had to feed my Horses and eat my dinner While I was eating I over heard too very old men talking They said we are going to have hard times but there never was a time when we needed young men that would stand up to buisness honest and true take young men of this kind they will make a success of life I said I am the Boy I was soon on my way Home over took a man that I was acquainted with wanted to ride 16 miles of course to be good I let Him ride I knew it was a serious time with me and that long Tom (as was what we called would talk talk. He had a great many things to tell me of a long time ago and about His recent married life He said I ought to get married I Believed it

[End book 2]

I arived Home from my Kokomo trip about the time the sun went down My poor tirred Horses had to be looked after beside corn to husk for 60 head of fat Hogs (small ration) then wash or take a Bath — saddle my young Horse on my way to the D Winslow Farm — It was a fine autum evening every thing along the way bid me God speed in the distance could be heard in song service the cry note of the poor whipowill, with the farewell chant of the Robbin — parting words of the Black Bird Then in the long distance would come the familiar old time

voice of the Big Owl all together is not and will not be forgotton — as I wended my way up the old lane that leads to the Winslow Home I remember just as well the peculiar sensation that thrilled my Body and Soul — The stars shone very bright not a cloud to be seen as I advanced up the lane the old Gray Horse came as near as posible to look and Try to understand my coming that time of night — The Family had a Favourite Cur Dog that was unfortunate in that He was very lame one leg He could not use — He was near the doore a look of dissadisfaction as much as to say You dont belong here

I gave an old Fashened knock at the Door A kind voice said Come in I entered the Sitting Room Louisa met me with a smile Danual and Rebeca was sitting on the east side of the room I made a modest bow and shook Hands with Them as I took my seat to my Satisfaction I could see no one present only The Dear ones that I wanted so much to confer with — as Louisa had prearranged to have all out visiting so I could have a good opportunity to present my wanted Claimes to Her Parents — We spent the time for a while in social conversation then all at once unavoidable we dropped in to a stillness as still as the last stages I feel that stillness This Moment. I could have heard a pin drop Well I must say this was the Crowning Point victory over all Now I can talk, Danual and Rebecca Louisa and I believe the time has fully come for us to be united in Marriage that is with your consent we feel the obligation is too great with out your Sympathy unity and Prayers — They spoke about this way — We leave that with you and have no objection what ever You have Our Prayers I remember Mother Winslow talked very good and nice Her words almost make me shed tears yet

The time soon or quickly roled around for the Sollemization of Our Marriage. Prearaingements had all been made I bought my Wedding Suit or out fit in Wabash City Black suit or Braud Cloth nice fine Boots which was common in that day a Hat to Suit the times cost \$26 00 out fit

Louisa out fit or wedding suit was very nice not costly rather plain however she looked neat and hansome I thought We thought it would be best for all time to solemize our Marriage according to Friends custom that was very common in those days — Notice had been given in Back Creek Monthly Meeting that the said Marriage of Nixon Rush and Louisa Winslow would take place in Jonesboro Friends Meeting House on the 21st day of 10 mo 1861 that would occur on 4th day at 11 oclock

That Memmorable day finely came around I was up early that morning araingements had all been made I had my Beutiful Bay Horses hitched up to a nice Carriage with others we met at the Winslow Home found our Waiters ready on hands with other company — We planed to arrive at the Meeting House seven minutes late when we arived we find the Meeting House crowded so much could not all get in Meeting just gathered

As we entered the Church House we were the object of attraction we entered in at the South door we walked delibertly Louisa on the left with Her hand under my arm the two Waitors young man and a young Woman — we took our seats Louisa on my left with the two waiters the Lady sit beside Louisa the gent at my right

The Meeting then settled down in perfect stillness I felt the solemnity of the occasion had real good thoughts — A very appropriate prayer was offered to Almighty God on our behalf — Thomas Jay then stood up with a good text to suit the occasion after expounding the fundamental doctrine or Plan of salvation Then Proved by the Bible that Marriage and a Married life was a divine institution ordained by the great Head of the Church would stand the test and Prove a great blessing to all Parties that would seek direction and help from the Originator

After the Sermon Then an Aged Friend stood up and said the time has fully come for the Young Friends to stand up and solemnize Their Marriage I knew then the time had come then deliberately we arose to our feet I said in a clear audible voice — Friends in the presence of the Lord and before this assembly I take this My Friend Louisa Winslow to be My Wife Promising Her with Divine assistance to be to Her a loving and faithful Husband untill Death Shall Separate us

Louisa spoke very clear and distinct so all could Hear Friends in the presence of the Lord and before this assembly I take this My Friend Nixon Rush to be My Husband Promiseing Him with Divine assistance to be to Him a loving and Faithful Wife untill Death shall separate us

After a Minute or paper had been read giving our name, our place of residence stating that we had joined in Marriage and we do hereby subscribe our Names — then a little table was brought and placed in front of Louisa and I and before all the People we there and then subscribe our Name, Nixon Rush Louisa Rush Then a few Witnesses signed Their names Then the Clerk that had taken note of the Proceedings in few words at the Close of the Meeting read We the Witnesses that have subscribe our names to the solemnization of said Marriage Louisa adopting the name of Her Husband

The Meeting closed with great solemnity A great company came to take us by the hand wish us much joy I know the precious words and tears shed had a refining affect Preparing our hearts for future usefulness one of the best meetings of my life but never to be repeated

For a little while we were seated around a sumptuous table quite a number of people at the Wedding Dinner perhaps about 60 or 70 besides children but very few of that number living at this time

The next day 22nd, a number went with Louisa and I from the Winslow Home and Community — to the Home Coming at Rush Hill we arrived about 11 o'clock We were welcome by my immediate Family many of my relatives and neighbours another very pleasant day spent Louisa especially seemed to adapt Herself to the new circle of relatives and friends She was about the liveliest person in the Crowd

23rd We returned to the Winslow Home Danual and Rebeca or Father and Mother went to Jonesboro in the evening to buy some things to give to Louisa Louisa and I went with Them in Their big Cairage

24th Went back to Rush Hill Louisa and I went to the Pudding Creek Farm (Farm west of Rush Hill) We took kettle buckets scrub Brooms soap determined to scrub the rooms of the House so we could live sweet and comfortable Several Families had lived there it took hard work to clean up and make House suitable to live in

On the 26 I began in earnest to move In good heart fresh and young a fact I had married a Wife that great problem was now settled I wanted a Home of my own Louisa and I went in the big wagon down to Her Fathers to move Louisas property Bead stid a cook stove clothing milk cow calf a few chickens many other things went direct to Pudden Creek Then gathered up my propperty such things as I had been buying for House keeping Then my Mother gave me Many Things that we needed a bout sun set Louisa commenced to cook supper on Her new stove I had to hawl up a load of wood then put my Bay Horses in the Stall Louisa had supper ready a little while before I could posible be ready at the call I was at the table as quick as posible — only two plates two knives and forks other things in proportion Louisa had already placed the two chairs in the right place Now we are ready for the first time in my life with a Wife to eat Her cooking on a bran new stove it was the best supper I ever ate or it seemed that way to me After supper I had to go and milk the cow that Louisa Father gave Her I found she was a good cow Louisa strained the milk then we sit down in the room by a lamp light began to talk I believe I was the happiest man - my hopes realized

My dear Children, Great grand Children and Dear Grandchildren You may read this little Book or short Account of My Life after I am laid away in my silent tomb You will see at once that I have been somewhat disscriptive in Many Thing espescially in My Courtship - that has been for a great Purpose — I want to show to you what I believe to be a Special Providence or a turning hand for a designing blessing to work out for good to oncoming generation We have not been placed here just to represent our own individuality with an idenity in a band Box

God designed that I should propigate and I believe that it was Foreordained in the economy of Gods Wisdom that Louisa Winslow was to be My Wife that through Her Posterity or lineage of Brain and Blood should come for a distinct line of decendance of Brain and Muscle for all time, designed in the Wisdom of Almighty God to accomplish in His kingdom on Earth or in the great realm of the Church of Jesus Christ — As we are free and moral agents their will be from choice a few of My Posterity that will be alianated and led away from the lofty glorious high way of God / In to lasciviousness worldiness and pleasure of such worn /

No other Woman in all the World could have become my Wife and met the Wisdom of God It is a fact and we know it that hereditary transmision semblance is Gods law if I had married an Indian my Children would have been very dark , Their are tendancies to disese that is entailed upon the Human Family through hereditary transition can be mended or some what over come by strict watch and observing the laws of God — counteracting the demands of Passion and they prevailing Sin of licentiousness with the dread consiquence and after results which must crop out

I am glad that I can say that I abhorred and protested against the to common unlawful intimacy of the oppisest sex believing what would be the result by the Grace of God I have been kept from this great sin

Naturally having a loving heart and a lively disposition that cropped out early in life when about the age of 16 I became very intimate with a loving Girl that was as near blessed with all the qualities of a perfect woman a Cristian Girl the most

beutiful Girl that I knew — not quite as old as my self — When about 17 I began to pay my respects to the Dear Young lady then at 18 I thought we would Marry — Then I began to think I am to young to Mary I must travel I could see that I was enamered because of Hur beuty and fine intelect She living ten mils away I dropt Hur out

When about 19 I was so fond of young company I found it so easy according to my loving disposition to find some one that I could call my best Girl almost unavoidable under pecular curcumstance I became very intimate with a good Lady of One of the very best of Families I was with Her at Parties at Her own Home She was of a Modest sedate yet rather winning disposition just right to make a good Wife the gentle smile in Her Face easy way of saying things all winning — yet with all this and as well as I liked the Dear Girl — I could not Love as I wanted to - to let the Court Ship go any further she living five miles away — In about six weeks after this or when I was near my twentieth year very unexpectedly I becam intimate with one of my neighbours Girl one I knew from child Hood She to was of a good Family kind hearted lively and chearful no trouble to pass my time with Her before I thought she had winned I was conquered and in love - so much so I wanted to be with Her at parties in Their pleasant Hom I had no trouble to propose the Mariage Vow — I had arraigned before this to go to Kansas I told Her of my plans to be away over two years I was going to have a Home in the West We pleasantly spent time together

On the 24 day of 8 mo 1857 Alpheus Henley and Myself bid our loved ones fairwell started to the great West located in Coffee County Kansas I had but the one best Girl we kept up regular corrispondance for over 12 months about this time she occationally kept company with a young Merchant a man I knew well I knew He had bad hapits I thought she was not aware of I wrote to Her disscribing His caracter that she must let that man a lone or let me alone She wrote back she would have company and choose Her own company Then I sent Her ring and picture back and bid the Girl good By Then I went to Pikes Peak, She at once discarded the Merchant then took up with a young man and Married They became Prominant in Friends Church raised a family of Children living in the State of Iowa then moving to Kansas No one has ever heard me say a harm word of That Girl She was good and virtuous kind — but was not to be my Wife — Now My Dear Children I have given you three object lessons Some Thing of my life not my schoolling not my religious conviction but to show to you how Louisa became your Mother you notice in every case there has been a turning as I have just said in every case there has been a turning hand an over ruling providance means used for a certain end — You will say Pa What caused Thee to go with the Girls so much I will answer that by saying we had a lively set of young people that was noted for association parties of all kind or gatherings so we could be together and couple off each young man have His best Girl We would not go to a dance or immoral gathering of any kind I never saw a dance till after I was 22 years old — Quartly Meetings that would occur every three months half time at Marion and half time at Back Creek — but the one Quartly Meeting in Grant Co at that time — The Coming Big Meeting was looked forward

with great interest in that way we became intimate with the environments which is powerful

I am at this time 2^{ond} Mo 2 1913 sojourning with My Dear son Dr Calvin C Rush and Family They are very kind to me doing all they ought to do to make me comfortable and Happy - to me it is a great blessing to know and feel at Home with my Children Old People often has been turned out of a Home by Their own children into a cold world - This I know to be true from Personal knowledge

The Fall and Winter of 1861 was well spent hapily spent together I still carried on my huckstering bussniss along with my Husbandry looking after Pigs Horses Cattle Sheep with success attending religious Meetings - of necesity Louisa had to visit Her old Home The Family Circle was near and dear to Her She loved Her Father and Mother I found it best to go once a week for Many Months as we had no Bugy we rode our fine Bays The Horse that I rode was larger than Carter both gay and frisky - one time in riding through the woods West of Rush Hill we were riding close together with Her right hand in my new over coat pocket while riding along in the thickest part of the woods Carter became very much affrighted He was very impulsive and quick in a Moment He sprang away Louisa having Her hand in my pocket grabed hold of the lining tore a strip out of my pocket pulling Her over throwing Her feet up looking skyward. Her Head and Body strait out pointing parell with the World Louisa holding fast to the mane while the Horse whirling around among the little trees Her head glansing the trees limbs taring of Hat Pulling Hair - just as quick as posible I dismounted ran to help I could hardly catch the Horse

Finally I managed to get hold of the bridle then to quiet or conquer the Horse then to straighten Louisa up again in a riding position that was hard to do on account of the Girt fitting so tight the Horse fat and round

I have heard Louisa relate the hair breadth exscape and how she felt while her Head was brushing the Trees hair tangld in the Brush

In the Spring of 62 we opened up The Sugar Camp in the Rush Hill Woods that gave us work and pleasure comparable to play we had about 60 trees tapped a good sugar run we were just like two children at work Louisa would go back in the Woods to help then about meal time we would go Home I would make fire in the stove in 20 Minuts she would have the meal ready in those days she was uncommon speedy what she undertook I do think we were happiest couple in all that country

She often joked me about What one of Her old Suitors Said in a way as He thought would brake up the Match as He Thought He had a claim on Her Love He said Louisa it wont do for you to marry Nixon Rus Louisa says Why - He is an old worker and will make every body else work around Him

Many of our associates Inlisted in the Civil War in 62 very exciting times Thomas Wilson son of Jesse Wilson that lived on joining Farms to our Home Farm went this year lost His life My sister Jane and Thomas was planning to be Married as soon as the War was over it so worked upon Her nerves with the intense grief with a Broken heart she sickened and Died / On Her death Bed she was faithful and true to God Cyrus Harvey came Home in 65 then in 66 married Sister Anna They lived near Oak Ridge Then moved to Kansas Anna took sick and Died in 1867 /

Danuel Hill a young man that worked considerable for me enlisted was shot down and Died Wm Newby one of my old play mates joined the Army shot down and Died with many others Then the Keoclucks or Butter Nuts commonly called or Democratic Party was in sympathy but all the Keoclucks belong to that old Party and came out of the rank of the party The had organized in a Secret Order The had then plans laid to burn Fairmount a detective was employe our people was apprised of the fact a standing watch was kept for some time I with about 40 others stood watch all night We had exciting times rite at Home 3 different times I was brought in close contact with the Keoclucks I what I say

If my account or journal should ever be Transscribed I prefer having the refference I have made to the Democratic party be left out I have took account of it here for your good or knowledg that you might have a glimps of what war times ment to your parrents and others under simular circumstances that many thousand people in the State of Ind was organized under a binding oath to defend Slavery Their prejudice and hatred against the Negro was the prime cause. At one time a skeem was planed to liberate a large company of Rebel prisinors at Indannoply - Governer Morton the great war Governer with His detectives kept in touch with Their maneuvers with His solders They were headed off their leaders wer captured (truth is truth)

By this time soldiers or a company of soldiers came back on furlough from Louisvill Ky A Molattar Boy a Slave about nine years old They had captured near Louisvill brought along with them in order to find a good Home — Thinking He would be servisable useful and a great help to some Famil then grow up and make a good Man — Louisa and I was solisited to take the Boy We hesitated knew it to be a riskey buisness we sized Him up could see He was a Boy of more than common wit quick in thought of a strong pysical frame — a good conversational very apt we took Him on trial Soon found to our sorrow that he had the seven year Itch We said the Boy must be cured but found it to be a hard case in trying to cure Him we contracted the germe what a time we did have we wished we had never seen the Boy well we said if we are going to be missionarys we must be good ones — we were soon all cured washed and cleaned up as He had never gone to school we soon had Him started to school He learned fast promising He had the qualities to make a great man

He was a slave to superstition believing in ghost spirit supernatural Beings — He was afraid of rope Young Lady in the Neighbourhood hung Herself after that He was afraid of the dark He went in to the Harness room to get a Bridle He spied a rope on the floor — He rushed out of the room crying out rop rope rope

At an other time He went with me to the wood While I was chopping wood He wandered a way quite a little distance — all at once I heard Him scream crying Oh Oh Uncle I looked Jimmy was coming in a run crying out Owl Spirit Owel Spirit I went out to meet Him - What the matter Jimmy Owl spirit after me — I told Him I wanted to see an owl spirit We went back to the place or a big sycamore tree that had a hollow on one side up about 20 feet up in the hollow was a piece of decayed wood protruding down one could immagin the head of a Monkey = I had bought a new pair of Red top Boots and gave Him He was so proud

and elated over His Boots He would have the red to show so He could see in walking about He would look down on one occasion He went out after a load of wood just at dusk He had a big load in His arms I heard Him coming in a run He said Oh the Owl The Owl wants my Boots He said new Boots new Boots — The owl would say Whoo Whoo Bo Bo

Finally the Boy ran a way with a Band of soldiers went back to Louisville He was the most peculiar child I ever knew in many ways He could tell ghost stories till one would get tired, it was laughable to hear Him tell his experience in working in tobacco Factories as that was His work — They had to put it in vats put Liquors all over it then twenty little Niggers work with it tramp stir it about that would sometimes make them sick then they would vomit and do every thing else

War times great excitement Our mail would come in every other day great companys or crowd would collect at the Post Office wait patiently for the Hack to come with anxious looks anxious hearts they or we would grab our letters eagerly with emotion read often or nearly every time Some Body would burst out crying some loved one shot down or died with some disease I think about 3 or 4 occasion that came under my notice on such occasion There would be some one or parties that would say Slighty Things about the War Some one would take it up then would come trouble — I think on two occasion that I knew about an unthoughted Woman would say slighty things about the War another Woman would take it up Then fight - Pull Hair

The Winter of 1863 was crowned with many blessings While I was very buisly in looking after My Stock — huckstering in various ways — Our hearts were made glad on the 24th of 1st Mo by the Birth of a beautiful little Girl We soon found a good Name - Axalina. She proved to be a great comfort to Her parrents in a few months she began to take notice of Things about Then to laugh and Play very healthy grew fast became an object of notice in the neighbourhood at church maney would fondle over Her - When about two years old I do think Shee was the Prittiest Child I ever saw dimple chin and dimple cheeks beautiful eyes silken hair of a light color with a nough dark to give a rich glossy collar uncommon playful The last well night of Her life was spent in play She did not sleep but very little as she slept between Louisa and I she would crawl under the quilts over each one on the oppisite side then back We could not understand what it ment What was to occur What does this mean in fact we were alarmed — The next evening she took unwell in fact she was taken the measels in a few days Broke out then took the Croup suffering extremely She motioned to me to let Her lay Her Head on my arm

As I placed my hand under Her Head she looked me in the eye for a Moment Then Died fifth of 3rd Mo 1865 - agaged two years one month and eleven days One of the greatest triels of my life when she was in the throse of Death I felt I wanted to go with our darling Girl

[Insert] Many things occured in They year of 1865 that mad it one of most memmorable years of my life a sad year yet the the turning point of my Life

Sister Anna Mairried 20 day of 3 Mo 1865

Sister Jane Died 4 mo 2 1865

Axalina Died 5 mo 3 [3-2/5-1865-CER] 1865

[Insert continued]

during Janes suffering and sickness Axalina was well verey playful a few days before Janes Death She gave Axalina a nice little Pictorial Bible We though would be a great keep sake as Jane was very unwell the last six months of Hur life it seemed that Her joy was to play and entertain Axalina

1865 was the year that Louisa and I took the stand for Heaven and immortal Life which made a radical change in our Lives

Just twelve days [4 months - CER] after the Death of Axalina little Elmyra came to comfort and gladen our hearts [End of insert]

About one hour after the Death of our little child Angelina Harvy now Pearson cousin of mine about 21 years of age came to our Home not knowing anything about the Death of our little Child She at once went direct to Bed where the corps lay knelt down with a great sympathetic heart moved by the Spirit at once touched the Throne on our behalf which raised our hearts from a drooping sense of our loss to a higher altitude above the privation and bereavements sore greaf that was crushing our life away with a vow for all time we stood together hand in hand under the same Pall or burden yoked together pledged our Lives for Christ, When the Neighbours heard that Axalina was dead many came to simpathise and comfort lending a helping hand I shall never forget how lonely that day the next night no more play

The next day proved to be sad Funeral must take place promptly at half past Ten the Procession moved in line a way from Home the Solemn March tread tread as the vehicles moved all seemed to accord with pulsation of our hearts Old Back Creek Meeting House became the Sanctuary for the occation as usual the Meeting was solemn here I offered my first public prayer which I could not have done for some time however I had great peace of Mind as I felt and knew the Lord was with me The Peaching was suited to the Occation Axalina was laid away to rest in the old Buring ground as we returned Home there came over us a Strange feeling I cant disscrib little play things toys had to be laid a way The little shoes was still in one corner Then good manners at the table The little hands cold in the grave no more to the face what a change for a while I could not work so lonesome but then I took courage began to brighten up I had Louisa my Wife My Love

Just twelve days [4 months - CER] after the Death of Axalina our hearts was gladened at the coming of a Dear little Sweet Baby Girl We soon found a mighty handy name that we both thought would be suited and a good House hold addition Elmyra Rush as far as posible she took the Place of Axalina We had a blessed happy Home Blessed with a good handy Christian Girl Louisa sister to help in the Home Work A happy family every thing began to prosper I made money fast and easy bought and sold every thing turned in to money I had the best of Credit Buy Things on time People would offer to Loan Money could Borrow Money at the Bank I knew I must be careful not be too riskey

We adopted the habit of going to Meeting twice a week I began to preach soon after the Birth of Elmyra almost every Meeting day I would exercise my gift

urge people to assume the responsibilities of a good religious life I was successful in finding nice good young men to work for me So I could go to the different Meetings around to Monthly Meetings go with preachers to attend Quarterly Meetings while I was careful not to impose I did preach

My Sister Anna A Beautiful Loving Girl was a great comfort to Louisa and I She was married to Cyrus Hardy 2 mo 15 1866

In the year or fall of 1867 I visited all the Families of Back Creek Monthly Meeting I obtained a Minute for this work in 8 mo Thomas Harvy an aged man went with me part of the way we had glorious times it Proved to be times of refreshings many hearts tendered

In the year 1868 I visited all the Families of Missinua Monthly Meeting with a Minute from our Monthly Meeting The Lord wonderfully blessed our Labours — In the 6 month 1869 my gift was recognized as a Minister of the gospel which gave me more liberty Louisa and I obtained credentials to labour in the religious work in Grant Co and other joining Countys We appointed Meetings visited Family we were wonderfully blessed of God his converting Power was manifested souls saved Louisa commenced to speak in Meetings On this trip we became coworkers labours together in the gospel

Fairmount Monthly Meeting was established in 1869 Friends Church was in the midst of a revival

About this time the Lord raised up about twenty young Ministers in the Friends Church in Grant County Ind all in active service We had a live set of old Preachers mostly very liberal In the Spring of 1870 Louisa sister Millicent Haisley and my self traveled in The Love of Christ in Miamma County we held Meetings visited Families, We had great liberty we were welcomed in every home except one our preaching was very close They had 4 beautiful young Girls We felt that there was coldness between Husband and Wife in order to raise their children aright they must be united, The Husband followed me to Bugy said He wanted to tell me that I was mistaken I told Him I would have to leave the results we had come for Their good all I knew was the way I felt They lived together about six years then Parted He wrote me a letter stating that he Had to confess that I was led for His good and that He was wrong I have been led of the Lord to see the needs of individuals then lend a helping Hand

12 Mo 16 1871 Received a minute to Day to visit all the Meetings composing Western Yearly Meeting as this great work had been resting on my Mind for months believing the Lord was calling me to a special work in that Part of His vinyard as I had received plain evidence as my Mind would be turned toward certain Meetings my heart would be so tendered in gospel love that I would Shed tears my heart so full of love for a People I had never seen of course I was ready and willing to spend my time in the Name of the Lord to Preach the unsearchable riches of Christ Jesse Wilson receive a Minute at the same time to go with Me as a Companioun or a help Mate He occupying the station of an Elder a devout Christian Tho a Man that did not Preach onely by example yet would testify and witness to the truth and attest to what had been said a worthy man very modest in conversation it took over three Months a part of Spring of 72 to accomplish the work near half the time alone

12 mo 10 1913 I am in St. Josep Mo with my Son Charles been here two months
will now assome my journal

1874 Proved to be one of the Most Blessed years Olive was a healthy
cute a little Baby Walter 4 years old just right to help then play
the two older Girls full of life quick to help to make Home pleasant -- it
was evidant to Me that an overuling providance was guiding our pleasant Home,
under a sense of the goodness of God I felt the Warming rays of his Love
drawing Me and tendering my heart in Gospel love to visit and Preach to the
People in Kansas and Colorado -- as this great work was weiging and resting
on My Mind I began to reason and Say to my self what will my Dear Wife and
Four Children do how can I leave Them Four or Five months then a voice
said in plain unmisstakable languag Thousands of Childrens in the West then
a halo of Love filled my Soul The good part my wife was perfectly willing for
me to go -- The Monthly meeting express great interest and simpathy with me
in my work Then at the Quartly Meeting held 6 mo 20 1874 unanimous expres-
sion was given showing great interest in my work

I Started my Missionary tour because it was a Missionary Field with a
Birds eye view I see the Field

My first work was in Shawnee / near Kansas City / Kansas holding
meetings visiting Families however the first Home I visited after landing in
Neighbourhood was John Vestal He see Me coming He looked His heart at
once was filled with love He had never heard tell of me but knew I was a
Preacher Went out to meet me laughing first thing He said I welcome Thee
Whats thy name where from I answered His questions He said Come in
He introdused me to His Wife - soon after that Shee passed to the great beyond --
I note this down to show my reception in Kansas I visited about 40 Families
in that part of the country then the Lord led me over in Missouri to West Port
said to be the hardest town in Missouri it was the Home of Border rufians in
time of the Kansas troubles here I went from House to House preaching found
very old people as I talked to them about Heaven and Their obligation to
Almighty God many were melted in to tears no one had ever talked to them
that way before -- Some of them a few years before tryed to force Slavery
into Kansas -- from their I went to Kansas City to visit Families of Rail Road
Men to do such work as this I had to have great faith in God and trust in His
power it was just wonderful how easy the Way opened from House to House
I was very much incourage in the Work in Kansas City. from here I went
South West in to Kansas about 8 miles found warm kind Friends visited many
Families a few Meetings The Dear old Father and Mother that took me around
in their good old surry and was so kind to me long ago passed over

From this part of Kansas I was directed back to Kansas City the First
place I went was to the head quarters of the Santafee Railroad as I would have
to use the road so much it took Faith and Grit to plead my own cause -- as I
entered the beutiful Office I found the Superintedend or head Manager alone
or quietly looking over papers He was a heavy set man rather Pourtly

about 60 or 62 I felt like entering His room I gave a gentle knock He invited me in as I entered I handed my Minute from my Quartly Meeting He took it looking carefully over the pape I still standing in front He then looked at my shoes or feet then raised His eyes looked at my knees or Breast then my Face then turning around opened a little drawer took out a slip of Printed Paper filled it out again looke me in the Face and Said I give a Pass over the Road as I took it in my hand with a Bow I thanked Him as I left the Great room I could hardly believe my own eyes I walked down the street praising God the benefit of thiss pass I could stop off at any station beside giving me Five Hundred miles of free ride -- I began at once to use my Pass I went direct to Larance here I visited Familys held a few meetings then visited meetings of Friend South east of Larance met with Young Friends that was tender and kind if they proved Faithful will become useful Christians met with Davises Harises and other Familys that I knew when a Boy our meetings were highly favoured from a Sense of God Presence

Then back to Larance visited quite a number of shut ins in different parts of the city found them very tender One Dear Lady that had been afflicted for over three years that was a true devoted Cristian could tell of the clensing power of the Blood of Christ and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit when She learned that I was on my way to the Rockey Mount She became very enthusiastic and called for Her Band Box of tracts then She laid out bunch after bunch told how to distribit and to what class a fine lot of tracts I had already acquired a large number from the Book and Tract Committee of Kansas Yearley Meeting I felt well armed for my Mission Work

My Brother John at this time lived Five miles North of Larance it was my good pleasure to be at there interesting Home a Family of unusial inteligance industrias and Sociable My Dear Brother had his spine hurt three different times so effected His entire systom that it disable Him from buisness which caused hard work and anxiety for the Family I felt very sorry for the Family -- I visited many places small meetings Family visiting one General meeting I will leave out many places as I can not refer to near all I stopped at Carbendale to visit a Rail road Man that I had became very much interested in He was a very concientious sedate thoughtful man His Mother a widow Woman very devout and religious took great interestein the welfare of Her two Boys the youngst wild and self willed kept bad company going to dances other dens of vice His Mother held Him up to the throne of Grace one evening as He started to the Dance She said if you will go you go over my Body as she sat in the Door He shoved Her out of the Way then went to the Dance -- as He returned He found His Mother on Her knees He says Mother I have given my heart to God remained a Cristian till His Death

As yet I have said nothing about the Grasshopper raid in Kansas which occured in 1874 it is almost imposible to disscribe the terable disaster caused by the raid they commenced to hatch out about the Middle of July in all parts of western Kan Colorado and other parts of the West Kansas and Colorado is the part that I know about, when they would take to the wing they

would soar high. As the Sun would shine and glissen on their wings far up in the Heaven by the millions as far as the eye could see even the Sun could not shine with common splendor Then again they must come back to Mother earth to live I have seen them light down on Fieds of corn just in tasil ready to silk out when the entire Field of corn would Bow over in less than 36 hours The entire Field would be ruined then the onward march untill all kinds of crops was utterly disstroyed -- the Prary Grass was not damaged but few sections esscaped -- Eastern and Sourthern was not damaged so much I have known them so thick on the Rail Irons the whees become so slimy and slick would stop the train then a little Sand would make it all right Hundreds of Families became discourge and left the country -- Those that remained stood in need of simpathy and words of comfort Provisions of all kind was sent from all parts of the country car loads by the tousands

/John Wetherel a welthy man from Philadelpa Bought a large tract or body of Land 60 miles west of Larance near the Santafee Road -- He a Worthy Friend with an undanted love for the Church Proposed to sell to Friends on reasonable terms in a way that poor Friend could obtain Homes quite a colen settled there just in a good way of improving Building had planted Their Fields and gardens just built a real nice Meeting House The Sun Shone lovely good Spring Showers every thing look so prosperous all at once the Grasshoppers came down by the Millions and utterly disstroyed their crops of all kind I landed in the neighbourhood a few days after the sad event I could see their fond hopes were all blasted I think I never see a class of Christians so disheartened even starvation threatened them Some were driven to desspondancy I having a symphetic Heart could at once administer words of comfort -- not a Sparrow can fall without our Fathers notice I went in to the Homes of every Family talked to old and young in every Family had prayer and Public Meeting in Their Church I met with Families I knew well years ago /

In travling West ward it was one scene of desolation even marked on the countanaces at Halsted I found a few Friends then north a lively church had appointed meeting visited nearly all Their Families times of refresing from the presence of the Lord a number of good solled Christians back to Halsted then by way of waggon 18 miles South West to colony of Friends found them in a pitiful condition I believe my labours was a lasting benifit to the people - from there to Hutcheson on the Santafee Road here I found an open door in Severl Homes -- then to Sterling a large Friends Meeting a few Families I knew well here I visited a great many Families of Friend and others as I did in other plases My meetings was well attended great liberty felt I went to see a young Methodist man who had been bitten with a Rattle Snake He was almost Helpless as the poison had settled in His limbs He was a true Christian - also a man that lived about 4 miles West of Sterling that had been bitten with a Rattle snak He had suffered intensely Many seens of interes that I will have to let drop forever so far on my trip every Thing has turned to my Hand

then to Larnord found a little Mission Work to do Met up with the Prespiterian Minister found Him to be an open hearted man spiritual minded talked with some of the merchants -- then in company with a dear Friend we traveled north about ten miles to the neigherberhood of Friends about Rush Center Frends some what scattered yet I found the fields white unto Harvest an open door -- as I took the morning Train from Larnord I felt somewhat lonesom from various causes, several tribes of Indians on the war path scouting over the country I knew we would have to pass rite along wher roving band of Blood thirsty Savages would apt to be ravaging -- I found on Board about 25 Soldiers that the Government was sending to reinforce a company stationed at Syracuse as we were passing out of civilization into a vast wild regioun I felt my entire dependance and trust in an overruling providance as much as I believe that He called me to a special religious Mission I had inplisit confidance He would not let the Indians kill me -- At once I commenced my work distributing good reading talking with the soldiers and pasengers found an open door all seemed to be thankful that some body was interested in their well fare

As we were roling along over what was once known as the Great American Desart now and then near the Arkansas River my mind would advert back to the year of 1859 and recall scenes that I had witness wonderful thrilling events how the Buffalow roamed over this country onley fourteen years ago and now but few to tell the story Then I said what has became of the Wild Indians -- then all at once a short shrill whissel an alarm was given -- What what just at that moment as the train halted some body exclaimed we are among the Indians here as Men just been killed we knew the Indians was near by the Soldiers at once grabed their guns others looking toward the Hills for an ambush to do my part at once took holt of the corps help to put them in the Bagguage car -- then all aboard just as they train got under good headway, hark the same alarm as quick as posible the train stopped here I witness an awful scene two men murdered laying on Their Faces their Chothing burned off Scalped and bleeding from gashes in Bodyes even the soldier showed by their looks action that this was a momentious time -- I think all the company believed the Indians was just waiting in ambush and that a an Indian fight was impending

In the excitement I know I felt calm with my mind turned Heaven ward as the Bodyes was placed in the car with the others the cars moved off very slow and deliberate because all on Board expected the War Hoop with they rail Road track tore up and two or three Hundred Indians on to with scalping knives The soldiers with their Guns and Revolvers all pointing toward the foot Hills While we were moving very slow two old like men that had been soldiers in the late war as the stood with Revolvers one said to the other See how all on Board is excited Wy He said I have been in Battle Men falling dying all a round The other Soldier said remember this is not war times that maks all difference Of course I had no Gun or revolver but had my Holy Bible I sat composed with Bible in Hand reading mixed with prayer and worship The train moved very slow for a bout six miles then they traveled fast beleaving the danger was over - Then an halo of gladness filled the car a time of rejoicing

I think the Soaldiers manifest as much Joy as any = One of the young soldiers came direct to me. sit down by my side and said Say you are a Quaker arnt you - Sure says I - I bolong to the Friends church Well He said so do I I am glad of it then gave me his Hand We shook Hands like old Friends My name is Harvy my parrents is old stile Tought me to go to Sabath School Church tryed to make a good man out of me but then as soon as I was twenty one I joined the army now I am tied down - He was a fine looking young man fine features red complexion -- Then different individuals came and sit down by Me entered in conversation and ask question and freely conversed on religious subjects -- I did not receive a single hint or slir in any way because I was true to my religious principals I could see different individuals reading the papers and Tracts that I had given them - all go to prove that I was in my proper place in the hands of the Lord and used by Him

then I began to think here we have 4 Men on Board Men in the Prime of Life Men that have love ones Perhaps Wives and Children will never know their where abouts We could find papers to show that two of them lived in Iowa could not tell or find out where the other two lived it was evident that they were going east that the two that was salped stood their ground they fought for life while the other two ran for life as the Indians will not have the scalp of a coward those two men that stood their ground had selected a good Place and stood by it with guns perhapse killed a number

In Burning and Scalping those men the must have had an Indian dance from the sign the left I suppose about two or three of the Braves overtook the two men that ran in front then left them laying with Their Faces to the Ground

I do not justify the Indian or defend them in this great crime their make up is to have revenge to retaliate -- only fifteen years ago this entire country was well stocked with great heard of Buffalo numbering Hundred of thousands at this time but few left -- as I witnessed the poor animals shot unmerciful I said again and again Somebody will have to Suffer - Some one will pay the Penalty -- partys came from across the ocean for no other perpose but to shoot Buffalo The same as Roosevelt went to Africa of course the had the same right to come to this country. The Buffalo had their places to cross the River There They would cross by the thousands - The Gamesters would station on the opposite side and shoot and slay for the name and wicked Pleasure untill Hundreds and Hundred of Dead Bodys laying all around The Indians claimed the Buffalo for their living They had an unwritten Law that no Indian should kill more Game than thy could use -- Brooding over the dis-struction of their daily food what the good Spirit had given to them for their Wives and Children was the reason for the Great up rising or general war of 1874 which caused the death of so many White People that is the War on the Great Plains -- Just before we arived at the next station where they had about 20 soldiers - I could see a man or soldier coming toward the station holding one Hand with His Gun under His arms as He walked rather fast I knew He had been Hurt He arived at the station just as our train arived it was to almost amusing or some what exciting to see the Soldiers gather around the Man the demmonstration as He took from His Hand the rappings that He had Bound around his Hand -- The Soldier had went out South east to shoot a

Buffalo as there was a few that roamed out There as He had shot one a gang of Indians at a distance heard the Sound of His Gun took after the Soldier at the same time shooting one Bullet hit His Hand and tore it badly -- Then passing up the Arkansas River came to Syracuse where a gang of Soldiers was stationed as we arrived at the Depot the Captain Came to speak to the Conductor When the Captain learned about the four corps on Board His eyes just glaired at once called out His Men as the marched down to view the corps He said come Boys Sholder your arms prepare for a march at once -- We did not tarry but a little while but onward

Over the Same country that I passed through in 1859 Many Things look natural except Buffalo antilope and Indians We landed at Granada a while after Dark This the terminis of the Rail Road The Company had abandoned the work on account of the Indian War The four men or corps was delivered to the Marshel of the Town for Burial I went immediately to the Hotell I found quite a company of men when I told them about the four men that the Indians had murdered - the Wife of the Land lord came at once inquireing all about the men when I told Her about the scalping that raised Her anger She pounched to the Porch called out to the people near by relating the tale of horror how the Indians was coming this way killing and scalping men Here we are unprotected no Garrison no soldiers not even a night watch The Indians can come down on this town any night while we are all a sleep kill the Womon and Babys and Burn our town She was eloquent apt in fitting words suited to the occation after She had finished peaking the croud went to the Burial - I went to Bed I had an upper room I could hear a rowdy drinking browling set of men nearly all night

From Grenada I wanted to go direct to Pueblo 150 miles I have now traveled 500 miles with out a single cross or break my health Perfec now among the Indians evey tribe on the war path I fully believe I will pull through that an overruling Providance will protect me

From here I had to go by way of the Overland rout in time I was at the Station Bought my ticket pade \$28.00 on account of the Indian War travel had suspended when the Driver drove up to the station with his heavy omnibuss I the onely Pasenger as I entered the Buss the Horses started off in a trot I said now is the time to exercise my confidance and Faith in God Lord I believe I take thee at thy word On we went ten miles no sign of Indian Hundreds and thousands of Buffalows carcasses scattered all over the Vast prarys -- Hundreds of Men with waggons had gathered up Bones along the Rail Road to ship east for Fertilizer the all will be gathered whe the road is completed -- We had a very tedious drive over a rough Road it seemed natural and easy for me to look out at the Windows of the old omnibus to see the Indians come down with the War Hoop

We arrived at Bents olFort about sun set That is a station now for The Over Land Company -- When I passed this way in 1859 Bent was living then and occupying they old Fort but an old trader with the Indians He mad a thick wall about 16 feet high inclosing two acres of Ground He had a good trade with the

Indians after His Death the company Bought the Heirs out On the top of the old fort in 59 I first had the pleasure to look upon the White Crest or Snow covered Peaks of the Rockeys 120 miles but this time I could not see on account of the smoke from the cities at This Place I had a good nights rest though the comodation poor The sun rose beutiful clear Breakfast not very good but then I felt so thankful and glad that my life had been spaired here a change had to be mad The Said it will not pay to take the omnibus any farther just for one Pasenger and the United States Mail Sacks They would have to hitch a raw Mule to a two wheel Gig made entirely of Iron so the hitched they they Raw Mule to the Gig and Drove around several times in the old fort just as the drove out at the Big gate a mesenger came to warn the People to look out the Indians is coming this way they have killed 8 men betwn here and Granada I could see then no wonder I looked out at the window of the old omnibus when the Indians was just on the other side of the big Hills I still believe the protecting hand of an almighty God is over all and will protect me -- Now we go out the Big gate with the Wild unbroken Mule on our way for pueblo A beutiful morning Birds singing The mule is on a fast line trotting as fast as He can go the man dont say a word a spare built man a slim long face roman nose big Hands long fingers with a cutting eye all at once dow went the Gig The axel had become unwelded or well had neve been good as it came apart in the center between the two wheals that throwed the wheele against the Iron Bed as I was holding by the that caught my hand and bruised it very much as the man said Wo Wo and pool the lines the mule stoped we both steped out as the mule was very wild we tryed to get holt of His just as we were in the act of getting holt of the Bridle out He went in full speed up the River close to the Banks I watch my valise I thought he would run in to the River

Now I felt we were in dilemma the mule on a run one good thing he was staying in the Big road I learne the next station was seven miles Well that mule will go rite to His stable and stop we were both a like He had the mail sack I had my valise to look after Shure a nough when we arived at the station we found the mule in the stable the Mail Bags and my valise in the Gig - Then the man had to take the mule back to Bents old fort and get an other Rig He had seven miles to go Of course I had to stay I went in to the House I found a Family of Old People the man about 75 a wealthy man He had a great many cattle a Big Field of corn along the River The Grass hoppers came down that day and lit on His corn The stalk bent over He had His men with Brush trying to shoo them away I told Him that would do no good They would take His corn as I had just come from Kansas where the crops had been ruined it was hard for the old man to give it up The Woman cawel for Dinner I was invited in We had a real good old fashioned dinner -- as we walked out in the yard the old man looked toward the West He said we will have a sand storm this eavening I said how can a man tell He said se way in the South West see those streaks that shure sign -- My man came 1/2 1 oclock with a trusty rig We had a long way to go I knew we would be way in the dark or long after night before we could reach our station I felt bad about it I had

great misgivings a bout my man I could see some thing bad about that man for me to travel all alone in the Braud Prairies or Sandy Desart looked Dark to me. I cant help it I will look for protection from a bove -- The clouds began to form in the West I remembered what that old man said Now it is thundering lightning now the storm is on -- The sand is flying We had to stop turn about fix every way we could I tryed to protect my Bible but then it was nearly ruined as much sand as rain We thought it would turn our Wagon over we were made glad when it quite blowing then all at once the sun shone bright and beutiful We were on our way pasing over the sandy plains dark coming on ten miles to go yet another little cloud was coming up thundering lighting then so dark we could could hardly keep the road just before dark

I had occation to say that my money had nearly run out that I would when I arived in Pueblo receive a check I had a chance to show how it took money to travel and to let him know that I was not a wealthy man and that I was strickly a religious man a preacher that was the reason why I had talked so freely to Him I made it a buisness to talk to people how they should live -- I shall allways believe that I worded off trouble by having a little fore though what to say and how to say it of course my motive was good however we had no moon a little light from a few stars in the North and lightning from a cloud that hung in the South our conversation was interupted at times by a coldness on His part it seemed and felt like a chunk of ice proped up on my right side to me He was the most suspicious caracter I ever traveled with -- about ten oclock we arived at the Station it was kept by a Widow Woman with a Family of Children I soon found I could not sleep in the House over run with company I would have a Bed fixed at the Barn so I leaped in our hack again The driver Hurried of to the Barn (I thought we had a scant supper) We had a good light. Horses fed Then my old Driver began to make a Bed slap down on the floor I do wonder if I will have to sleep with that man that I have been suspicious off all this time Well I will have to take what comes -- We were soon snugly fixed in our Bed John the driver commenced snoring to quick to suit me The Horses was all buisey eating Hay I could hear them snach Hay and eat and chew The old cat had a racket with a Rat Then a number of Rats in the loft had a gay time all this time John was buisey snorering - Then I thought of Louisa and the Children on Rush Hill all a sleep here I am in the Sandy Desert in an old Bar sleeping with a Bad man No I dont expect to sleep a wink to night I know I am not safe Well I believe I will snoar for a while and see what John will do as I roled over with my Back to Him - that left my Pants a little exposed I knew He noticed how I fixed my pants - I snored a way not very loud just a nough to make Him think I was sound a sleep afer a while He turned toward I thought He would work at my pants sure a nough I felt my pants moved a little more I said that is a nough in a moment I had Him on the other side of the Bed from that He let me alone The night was far spent I found a little sleep just at day Brake - The sun was up Bright and clar I went down to the House for my Break fast a few men was there I did not like the looks of things I though now is a good time to preach I began to talk and say every Body ought to be good live right Serve God keep out of bad Habits at once I could see it took hold of the Men They Wanted that I should

talk asked some questions I found they were Catholicks well grounded in their Faith their spokes man said Say you ought to give your self to our Mother Church We are the Church handed down you are the very man to help our folks in the Mountains They work in the Mines have no one to preach to them They are going to the Bad We need you -- a call to Breakfast I was ready in a few words of prayer then I got interested in the Land Lady She was a small like woman Heavy Set a conversationalist having children to look after Her Husband had misteriously disapeared I talked or preached and eat I will never forget Her countenance and action as I talked I left a good selection of tracks and leaflets that I believe did much good such a White Field yet a Den of sin -- John is now ready for the Pueblo Drive I was soon by his side the road ran near the River John seemed very mute for a while He began to revive up Some Bright Idea flashed in His mind He was very talkative after a while He said Say Mr Rush let me see your Hand I took the Hint at once I put my left hand in His lap He picked my Hand up and looked at it and said say that was a bad hurt as He placed His Thumb over the Bruise and presed dont that hurt yes I said just a little Well He said there is dainger of that gaterin becoming a bad sore blood poison set up then you Will Die I can fix that so we can mak a nice thing out of it with a little stuff mixed with corbolic accid I can make that look bad We can make the company pay one Hundred dollars I will that right -- He said you know that is a bad hurt more than that you had to walk seven miles that was no fun Then the company had no buisness putting that Wild Mule on to us that was an imposition -- I said that will not do I could see through His trick -- If the company is willing after stating facts I will accept it -- as we neared town He became sullen crabed He drove up to the office set my volice out drove away immediately I never see John again

I went in to the office made my statement plead my own case with ease Then I said I think you ought to throw of half, which He reddily consented of course He was apprised of the trouble caused by a treacherous mule so He took my word with out a single word No doubt came off much better than He expected I stayed one day and night in the City done a little missionary Work found Dr Owans His Father was a fine minister in our Society / Able and Pwerful Winning and persuasive in a way to turn the mind to God traveling extensively / was a grat comfort in our church when I was a Boy James Owns was elaquent and logical His son came here to Practice Medisin the Church will loose His influnce as a Christian I think He will stand for the right His Wife had an inquireing mind asked a great many questions on doctrinal subjects Pueblo is a wicked city I went north to Fountain City over 100 miles I found a settlement of Friends a nice little church in town found a nice field to labour in visited all the Family of Friends cordially received found them Hungry to hear the Gld tidings of Salvation held a few public meetings after Meeting on one occation an old man and woman came to me and said your preaching just hit our experiance I refered to Lot Moveing to town to suit

His Children then loosing so many of them parrents often undergo great privation just to help their Children the very things the do turns out to be the ruin of their Children, They said we lived in Ohio own a Farm a happy Family We thought we could emigrate here in a Fine healthy country We came bought property in this town We thought we were doing fine Our children was just having a good time till they took up with bad company our two Boys went into they Saloon Buisness - then our girls went to Denver living disipated lives We are all broke up Both broke down began to shed tears Both heavy set rather portly had the marks cair and anxiety My heart has often been moved in sympathy to hear a tale of sorrow many Families racked on account of Sin

One aged man that went with me part of the time from House to House by the name of Stubbs a worth Friend about two months after I left just pasing close to the cars when an explosion took place which killed him in an instant -- from here I went to Shian Canion disstribting tracts to man taw -- then to the Garden of the Gods handing out tracts I left tracts under the great Balance Rock - from there to Colorado City stayed all night found Friends or Frendly People all along the line all kind and lovely except John He was very kind part of the time - on account of an over providance He was baffeled in every effort

/ From Colorado City I went on a tour South West due west of Pikes Peak to an elivation of nine thousand feet a Mining Country Many things of interest occured as I went from town to Town traveling part of the time by Hack on the divide just West of Pikes peak in many ways the most wonderful country I ever traveled in formation sculpered rocks fantastic in shape and form The Twin Rocks Stands as Signals of Wonder Then one of the Seven Wonders stands the Petrified Stump 9 years before said to be 8 feet high and eight feet in circumference solled rock tourist had made very free to split off nice slips or rellicks to take Hom I took the same liberty and have in my Cabanet some very beutiful Specimans from the Spur Root which I prise very high -- Many beutiful logs real rock lying about /

When I was here in 59 this was a wild wilderness country not a White Man lived in 100 miles I have traveled over this country from Pueblo to Denver 4 different from Colorado City I traveled direct to Denver I stoped at a Hotell as I had heard of a Friend by the name of Haworth I felt such a love in my heart or a longing or a wish to see Him I said I will find Him if posible I could not find any clue so I walked a mile to the Post office here inquired for a Directory I soon found Haworth The Bridge Builder He lived on a certain street no 600 1/2 a mile from the Post Office at once I started a foot I soon found the House it was late in the eavening or about sun set He had just returned from His work and on Poarch I said is this Brother Haworth He said yess then I told Him that I was travling in the Ministry heard that He was a Friend -- I come to thy Home in the love of Christ with a message of love I stood just in front as He stood near the door with a countenance somewhat defiant I could see in His eye a twink telling an active thought a man of about 35 He was speachless till I delierered my message of Love

At this moment He said Your words and counsel is all right I take them kindly but then I confess I would not give up Freemasonry for all of Iowa Yearly Meeting I had not thought a bout the Lodge -- just eh His Wife opened the door I intraduced my self to Her with a few chosen words -- a lovely looking Woman rather Fleshy full face with a winning eye She says come in come in and sit down No says I - I will not come in I have delivered my message of Love - I will bid you Both fare well I suppose I shall never see your Faces again God Bless You as I shook Hands with them stept down off of the Poarch opened the little yard Gate as I closed it I looked them both in the Face I shall never forget their looks They looked disapointed somewhat wishful The man Died in less than eight months after wards I have always been glad I delvered the message and His last call -- I returned to my Hotell had a good nights rest from Denver I took the cars going West on my Mission work in the Rocky Mountains where I worked as a Miner in 59 - I found Mishoun work in Black Hawk Central City George town and Silver Plume Then to Idaho Prings I spent near 3 weeks in the Mountains

I look back with geat pleasure to my labors in the Mountains many things occured of great interest to me eaven thrilling and touching in the nature of a romance Men Confessed to me of crimes of deeds and guilt that was crushing grinding under tremendous embarrioument of a remorse or guilty concience we want to find a remidy I could onely point them to Christ our Saviar Who opened up the way for our salvation I was treated with the greatest respect did not reflect not a cross look in their camp at their tables or meals all would drop in to a stillness till after Prayer

Then I returned back to Denver stopping over nigh at a Boarding House ready and willing to start back east I wanted to go back over the Unioun Paciffic RR promptly at 8 oclock I was at the office of the General Superintenant of the Road I opened the door went to the Desk The Man at the table was all alone a very clever looking man I called His attention to my wants explained my Mission or work then handing Him my Minute from Fairmount Quartly Meeting He look at it with a glansing eye without asking a single question

He turned around to the table took out a little Book filled out the ticket then said you can ride over our road on Half fare I handed Him the Money to pay as far as Russel Kan I thanked my Hevenly Father for opening the Heart of Man so He can make the way easy and light as my car was just ready to start I soon found a good seat - With a glad heart saling over the great Ocean or Sandy Plains The American Desert Marked out with dotted lines 50 years ago covering a vast domain onely fifteen years ago hundred of thousand great herds of Buffalow roaming over this Wonderful expanse on one little hunt that I took in 59 I at one time counted thirty antilope South east of Denver a few miles Great changes Must and Will take place -- We soon came to the head waters of Kansas or Caw Rivers then down the valley of this great River the Scenery is grand I said it beggers disscription such a great variety Groves of timber Beutiful Blue Mound towns alone in the great Smoky Hill country after travling a distance of we arive in Russel a triving

town just at the Dawn of Day I went direct to a Boarding House found a good Breakfast after doing a little Missionary work my next point of labour was in Osborn co due north 20 miles how shall I get there no hack or public conveyance I found a kind hearted old man an woman that was there would go about 10 oclock to the Same Place I wanted to go I said how good

The opportunity was grand fine Horses good Wagon good Folks to travel with rather rought roads through a thinley settled country The Grasshoppers had disstroyed their crop We stoped to stay all night with an old setlar they were all discouraged unhapy The said they lived in a God forsaken country The young People Father and Mother in a Bad Mood talked freely denouncing every thing it kept me buisy to stand for what is right - rejoice evermore I took sick about midnight had a serious time but then I stood the test was ready the next morning to persue our journey arive in neighbourhood about one oclock -- went direct to Josiah Winslows a first cousin of mine He lived in a Dugout that is a big hole dug in the Side of a hill where the Ground is very slanting nearly 45 degrees commencing at the foot of the slope put up two Post for Door Then trenching in throwing the dirt out to help to make the Wall having the front 14 feet wide extending back 16 or 18 feet gives room and very cool for summer and warm for winter all they first setlars in that neighbourhood commenced that way -- as I passed through a same country ten years afterwards they had all built good houses

I found

[end of Book 3]

St Josep Mio 12 mo 17 1911

I left my Home in Grant Co State of Indiana on the 17 day of 11 mo 1911 Came to This City by way of Chicaga ariving here on the 18 Met my Dear Son Charles E Rush at the Depot wating a hapy meeting We took the Street Car to Frederick Avenue Through the mane part of the city to the 23 Street here we walked two Squairs to His nice Home met Laone who was in good health and good Spirits She blessed with a lively and loving disposition which of course made me feel at Home gladness and joy trilling my very make up My health perfect my heart tender my Stomach empty Situation good Breakfast ready I heard the call Come soon we were around the table in Family Worship with grateful and expressive hearts to Almighty God for His providance and watchful Care over us as a Family We had a good Breakfast well prepared I am shure I was in the very best of plite a little witty we were all good conversationalist

My object in writing at this time is to pen down some things that I left out in my other manuescrip that I wrote 2 years ago as I have forgotton just all I took down then of course I may rehurse some things over if so remember --

as I related in my first account my Parents came from North Carolina in 1829 just after the solemnization of Their Marriage settled in Wayn Co Ind Then the next spring moved to Grant Co Ind at once located on Their old Home Stid Joining the Seth Winslow Farm at that time all in dense forest or Jungle woods no one or no House nearer than 13 miles to the South

My Father and Mother could not have found a country so heavy timbered all kinds of Big Trees a mixed variety I can remember when almost the entire country was covered with a thick wilderness of Big timber

It looks like a dream to me when I think of those towering majestic trees that had stood unmolested for ages so Thick and dense defying the Storms the tomahawk the brawling Indian

I have never visited a country never heard tell any Land with such variety of large trees towering Oak just a few rods a way a fine large strait Poplar close by a grand old sugar tree a large scrauny Elem a little lower down a few big Walnut and Sicamore then again a cluster of oak with all kinds of timber mixed in between untill we had a mass of timber where the Suns rays could hardly reach the ground That is to make a shadow because the under growth of Iron Wood Beach trees Shell Bark hickry Cherry that grew very strate and slender Locus of the thorny kind but not many Thorns on account of shade the thorns could not grow Well, variety of saplins that would run up straight and beautiful Then to make it more like a Jungle the Spice Brush was very thick a bush that would sprout up from the roots very thick six or eight feet high I have seen the Woods so Thick a Deer could hardly run through it was very interesting to see the large Bucks with a great head of horns run Throug the Woods with their horns folded over Their backs Their nose stuck rite strait out dodging Things That was in the way all the woods were not this way places more open This was the condition when I was a little Boy The Big fires The ax cattle Browsing finely thined out the under Brush

One can see at once what my Father had to contend With He had saved money enough to Buy 40 acres of Land Then to cut out the Brush a few trees clear off a spot of ground to build His house The House was commenced first cutting the Silves out of larger logs Then the sleepers The foundation was laid Then for the wall He cut small trees length of logs 18 by 22 While cutting his timber He could kill game with out Hunting The Deer would come to Brouse The turkeys would pass in droves They had plenty of the very best of food

They neighbours cam in from down north raised the House cut out the Dour one window put down a floore out of split logs of Slabs mde thin about 3 inches thick The roof was made out of slab boards 4 feet long held to their place with strait poles laid on top of each course of boards

At the West end of The House they cut out place for the Chimney six feet wide building The Chimney on the out side by starting a frame work or foundation of slab work on top of this they used oak staves pen fashion plastering with Clay to protect from Fire extending the chimmy up 3 feet above the top of the roof

The hearth made out of Clay or rock They jams built up out of Stiff Clay

Father and Mother with little Joney Boy moved in to the Cabon before the had time to make the Door They had a quilt for door Father having to work for one of His neighbours to get something to live on came Home after dusk befor He Came Mother heard a Panther

In the Yard a big log laid close to the door The Panther would jump on the log and knaw at the Bark Mother could peap through a crack or quilt Door His eyes would glissen I have often heard Mother relate the story She said the Beast could smell the Babe was on the hunt for a good Supper, however at that instant she could hear Father coming Oh how glad words fail to tell the deep emotion and grattitude of the coming Home of a Husband at such a time

When Father lifted the quilt to enter the room at once He could see His wife excited in tears on learning the trouble He grabed the gun in a Moment He was looking over the Big log in the Brush just then the old panther Bounced away Through The Thick Brush Father shot to no affect

The next day the Door was made out of slab Boards Boards That was rived out with a frow hung with wooden Hinges so Wolves Panthers and Bears could not get in the room

At this time Bears was numerous often attacking animals little Pigs Shoats and lambs of course a terror to little children Some times to older people

The House was finally completed with out a single nail hardly the sound of a hammer no money nothing to sell dependant on His work but few people know any thing about pioneer life one continual struggle yet I sometimes think it is the happiest life if one only will just come down and take as it comes I often heard my parents say it was the best days of Their life when game was plenty great droves of Turkeys deer plenty visiting so common so many good neighbours though some of Them lived four miles away yet the distance could be overcome

Milling was an object at times it was imposible to obtain their corn ground Then They would live on Homony but few families was able under any circumstance to procure Flour as yet They had raised but little Wheat

I have refered to a few of the hard ships to let my children know what it has cost to have a good Home on Rush Hill we never could have come in possession of that beutiful Home with out hardships labour and economy

As my pairents moved on Their Land in The Spring of 31 it was imposible to clear away very much land a garden a little corn field just think a House to build a Well to dig a Cow to Buy and a little paster and correll to keep Her at Home They would let Her run in the big woods a little while every day So many cows strayed away and forever lost in the Big Woods it was not safe to let Them have Their way Then Their valuable Mair as we used to say old Moll had to have a home a Barn with a stable by this time They had a nice flock of chickens Poor Chickens had so many enemies took a constant watch by day and night The Wolf prowling a round watching for a victom raccoon an opossom just alike ready for an old fat hen or a little pullet the mink and weasel both alike cunning move about in the dark slip in to the hen House through a little crack take the choice suck the Blood out and gon

The Hawk by day The Owl by night both alike prone to steal to steal
They will Prounce down with out word or ceremony a feast they will have

Their garden was planted early which proved a success Their Patch of corn planted late did not do well on account of so many enemies The squirrels even dug the grain out of the ground before the stalk was four inches high yet the succeeded to fight away the intruders so They had a nice lot of rosehens Then a gain the squirrels attacked the little ear of corn cut it from the Stalk carry up in to the top of an old tree and knaw at the cob The wild turkey and Deer would visit the little Field and do damage

Winter is hastening on The Cabin must be chinked that is bits of wood split staves put in the cracks or betwene the logs then a Mortar mad of lime and clay Put in the cracks betweene the logs all over The chinken with a trowel or Paddle by this way the cabin was made very comfortable and warm

I was born in March 1836 having an active mind with a good Memory I can easily recall many things that occurred when I was but 3 and 4 years old but few men of my age can call to mind hundreds of things that occurred that now is fresh and alive easy to think about a few of them I will pen down will show a little of old times -- The first I want to relate as I cant remember but very little about as I was onely three years old, My Father thought the best thing He could do would be to let His Farm rest one year turn His attention to game hunt for a living, as There was no market for corn or Pork no body to buy or no market near Than Cincinnati, He spent His time in the woods early and late I just can remember the Dreer and turkeys He would bring in and Throw down by the door

He would go out in the morning capture a Deer dress it then bend down a saplin tie the venison to the Top then let go of the Bush have it to go up about 8 feet Then mark the trees so He could find the game perhapse the next shot He would have a turkey Then He would bend down a little Bush hang the fowl up the same as the Deer in this way spend the day Then if He had been successful He would take Old Moll go a round collect the game -- The hunter was not successful every day often they would make a failure He could sell the venison or a part of it to His neighbours or trade for corn and meal They would drye the Hams for future use

In the fall He turned His attention to hunting Bees, That is fresh on my mind the Honey Part He was successful in gathering Honey, in order to dispose of the Hunney and the dried venison and bacon He had Had a few Hogs that got fat on Moss -- He said I will take the entire lot to Cincinnati That is the part I remember so well The loading up of the Honey in the big White Wagon it was a beautiful bright morning as the started away down the road I felt very sad

Father had left a few large Trees Standing so the Cabin was a little in dainger in time of storm I remember how it impresse my mind the Day Father and the hired hand commence to chop those trees down Mother told us if the tree would fall on the House it would mash it flat She led us children out to a good place we sat down and watched with great interest When the Trees

would go tumbling down one after another saving The Home the gladness of my heart was great and grateful -- The buying of the New Seth Thomas Clock was of great interest to my young mind the first clock ever bought South of the Back creek neighbourhood cost \$30 00

When I was about 5 years of age Father took me to mill with Him to Jonesboro onely one store very small while at the Store a little Colored Boy came along going to Mill He was a Horse Back riding astrad on the sack tw men began to mak fun and say Show the chalk of your eye I said That is Bad talk

The next I recall readily was a mad-Dog scair. When Mary Bembow was bitten She was Edgar Badwin's own aunt The Dog went to Her house run under the table Mary tried to drive the Dog out of The House He would not go when She kicked Him the Dog bit Her big toe when the animal left the Bembow Farm He came toward our Home biting dogs Hogs on the way before He arived at our Home it was dis-covered the Dog was mad That caused an excitement a number of Men and Boys was after the Dog They chased Him to our Home He darted under our caben as the Building was so near the ground it was task to get the Dog out Many ways were tried finely they succeeded as quick as posible the Dog was Buried Deep

Poor Mary had a hard time the rest of Her life She lived a bout ten years after that - At the time of year she was bitten then She would be worse suffer in tense agony Her Mind would not be just rite Then she would be better, mind and all, untill the next year finally it was the cause of Her Death

I was a bout four years old when our Big Dog got His mouth full of Porcupine quills While coon hunting the Dogs got after a big Porcupine and caught Him before the men could help the Dogs had Their mouth full of quills They took the Dog to the big high fence put his head through the fence one man to hold the Dogs hind feet then Father with the nippers another man to hold the head I can remember so well seeing Father pull out the big quill one by one the Dogs Howling at a horable rate I thought my good old Dog would die

When I was about 3 1/2 years old I got in the way of putting one chair on top of another and then the little chair on top of that then chime to the Top - one day Mother was washing She put a tub of hot water on flore then went away While she was gon I fixed my chairs then climbing to the top chair just as I was fixing my self in the top chair it tumbled over landing the little Boy in a tub of hot water Mother heard a terable screaming She ran Frighten to kill exclaiming oh My Boy My Boy in haste I was folded up in a wet sheets two good old Woman was sent for I well remember laying in Their laps They applying Medisan on my hip and legs it proved to be a bad scald yet I was so well looked after I soon at play again

About that time we had three little kittens to play with I played with them so constant putting Them in the cradle in the Basket under the Bed on the trunel Bed then put then in a sack They had to get rid of the cats for my good I remember those cats as tho it was onely yesterday I was noted for chasing Butteflies for weeks I would spend my tim in that way

About this time the country was settling fast people came from different states mostly from North Carolina Many would go away to never come back again My Father spent time and money to help people about show them Land help them find Homes Uncle Nixon Rush came with his large Family moved in with [us] for a few days The old cabin was full of children for a while till they could rent a House Then Father Built a House in the North east corner of our Farm They lived there for a number of years

My first work when I was about six was to hunt eggs by this time we had a flock of sheep that had to be put in a corral every night The Wolves was very bad it would not do to leave the sheep in the wood or even in the Pasture, I loved to go and drive the sheep to their Pen or Corral then close the door good so the Wolves could not devour a single lamb

One Thing I had to do that was to go to Meeting to worship as a rule it was obligatory to most of the children to Meeting I did not like to go but that made no difference - Back Creek Meeting House was the place to go Father and Mother would ride Horse Back two or three would stay at Home to keep house my time would come then I would play - one would ride behind Mother and sometimes two behind Father

I remember one time riding behind Father The Horse got Frighten while going through a thick wood The Horse gamed my knee against a tree oh Mi how it did hurt - one time while riding alone the Horse kicked up his feet sent me over his head then trode upon my fingers Sometimes when walking we would play too long That that would make us late to Meeting We would hear from all such deeds - I remember with force that is it is fixed on my mind the eloquent and powerful Preaching that I was favoured to listen to the tender mind was wrought up on so much I had a great desire to be good Then our Monthly Meetings would hold a long time Friends would discuss Problems I thought too long I would say it would make no difference which way it was decided I would become restless then I would tease some Boy get up something that was interesting My Father had a good eye He could see my Tricks then at a suitable time He would talk and tell me how ugly bad it looked He sat high up in the gallery could easily see

Occasionally the Indians would come around They were great beggars imposing Their wild appearance into our cabin folding their old Blankets around Their rusty Bodies watching a chance to steal something Mother was a good hand to satisfy Their wants -- it was Fathers good pleasure to take me with Him to Mill off with a load of produce of some kind When a very little Boy I went with Him to mill two miles east of Anderson I would ride along in the wagon then out and play when we came in plain view of White river the red clouds reflecting in the water the water look as red as Blood I said Father This is Red River - at mill we slept in the wagon that was a great treat to me The next morning the Millers Wife would have us to eat with them in the House What a fine Breakfast She did have

I went with Father to Lagrove with a load of fruit and grain I saw some mighty big Hill and Rocks down There in coming Home we had to stay all

night at the foot of Deer Creek Hill we slept that night in Johns Bembows House He was our Black smith We eat our Breakfast at Their table a good Breakfast The had such nice Honey I said I will take Honey it was so good I said I will take Honey when I got that eat up I said I want just a little more Honey = after Breakfast Father had to have His Horses shod The shop was at the foot of Deer Creek Hill While playing around I heard a racket just as as I looked up Hill I spied a runaway The Horses with the Wagen was coming at a frightful rate down the Steep Hill The driver had tumbled out of Wagon and was dragging under neath between the Wheelles to me it was a horable sight the man being drug at a fearful rate to the foot of the Hill through the Creek Then the Horses stoped The man was badly bruised and Wet He Proved allegiance to his team = We had our team well shod then we were soon on our way Home We had onely got a good start when the honey subject came up of course it was a good chance to lear me a needed lesson that I have not forgotten to this day

From 1840 to 1845 game was very pleanty often could see five and six deer in a drove to see them run one rite after an other come to a big high fence the one in the rear leap over the high fence as He would go over His white tail flop up look like a white flag The next one would follow and the next the next till five or six white flags would fly The Deer would eat our corn sometimes I could hear them after night in the fields They would visit the Fields after night — I would slip around in the field and watch the Turkeys at play and scratching in the leaves Then I delited in watching Birds in every tree hopping about Singing Their warbling songs not a moment but what I could hear the song of a Bird I could stand and count twenty squirls at one time often five on one tree. The pheasant was a very common Bird about the size of a Banty Hen The would go in droves in spring of the year the would mate off Then the Male would make a noise with his wings that would sound like distant thunder to me it had a lonesom Sound /We thought for food they were better than Chicken /

One Thing I forgot to mention that was common in erly times That was the scarcity of food for stock We had to resort to cutting down Lin and elm for cattle and Horses to Brouse if had not been for brousing they could not have lived through the long Winters -- When I was seven years old an epodemic of sore eyes spread all over This country I had a terable seage for dayes I was kept under the Bed to be in they dark I could hardly see such a time of sore eyes we have never had since for a while it was thought some of us children would go blind

Black Birds quails and squirls was so distructive on young growing corn that it was absolutely necessary to war aganst Them That was part of my buisness a war was declared so I had to fight

We had traps of all kinds little and big perhaps The dead fall was the most distructive That was fixed with a two inch Plank as 6 feet long or slab log split open then placed in the Field where most neded on smoothed ground The slab raised about 5 inches with suitabl trigers Thousands were destroyed that way

The steel trap was used on nearly every Farm with good results. Then a trap made in a pen form so they would creep under then could not find way out. Another way made in pen form with slats run to a peak. Then with triggers as the trap would be raised triggers ritely set by this way often trap 3 or 4 victoms for years it was my buisness to go around the Field hollow slap my hands howl or shout any way to make a noise -- Then we made a mashene that would turn with a crank crank fixed in a Frame with a slat as you turn the crank that would make the slat flap in groves or notches which would flap flap That would make a great racket how the squirls woud get and Birds fly after all much of the corn would be lost from the fact great large trees would be left standing all about over the fields = Then the gun was used to great advantage My Father and Uncle Seth Winslow was both extra marks man. The gun in Their hand was disstructive Father had to help His neighbors with the gun to save crop

The pigeons that would fly over our country number by the millions They would commence early in the Spring would fly in great droves so compact and close together like a cloud over the sun before one drove would be gon their would be two or thre other in sight or a great black flock in the North and another just as large in the South Thus They would go all day I have known Them to light on trees so Thick as to Break of large limbs Some times They would light down on the ground This to me was fun to watch Them fly over each other look like a roling ball then fly over then light down keep that up till the go for miles the reason the would do that the would be after insects looking after seed of some kind or gravel Then in the fall shure the pigeon would return in great number going east repeating the same trait of flight or Bird life as recorded in the Spring -- What has gon with the millions is a mistery They were a little larger and longer Bird than our Tame Pigeon -- darker

A great change took place in my life when I was about eight years of age I took the scarlet Feever in a very severe form then took a terable relapse for days I was at the Point of death They Though my time had come to go The Neighbours would com in to see me for the last Time Dr Said He has passed the Medisen line He is in the Throse of Death Our Dr Lomax lived in Marion He said He would not come any more The next morning Father went to Marion early to see The Dr Well He said I will not go it will be a dead expense for nothing -- Then Father went direct and Bought my Burial Shroud a Shroud is a winding Sheet The Sheet is wound around different times around the Corpse I was 13 years old when They First began to Bury in common chothing Their was quite a feeling of opposition -- it was common to hear People say You dress Dead people just as though they were going of on a visit or a long journey dress Them up so fine with better clothing Than Than were able to own or go avisiting in when They were alive -- Mother made the shroud into Shirts and other useful garments

Before I took the Scarlet Feever I was a very active Boy Surpasing all The Boyes in the country so much so They people would said Dick is going to make a Show Man I could stand on the Ground whop over and light on my feet turn hand springs climb to the top of trees jump from limb to limb Then climb down on limbs Then up a saplin bend it over Drop to the Ground I remember one time Calvin and I was climbing around in the top of a lin tree under took to bend the tree to another tree in stid of bending so far it snaped in too down down we came for a while we Thought we were nearly killed, Sometimes when several of us Boys would be together we would climb to the top of saplins then cut the saplin down great fun to se the Boys fall

I would clime all about over the Barn -- at one time I was climing up to the gable of 1 of of the old Log Barn in putting my Hed Through a crack my feet Sliped left me hanging my head fast in the crack or between the Logs however I did not choke to Death

After I recovered from the Scarlet Feever I was left a wreck my activity all gon nerves badly impaired for some time I could hardly run never entirely recovered

I in our Families I had Three Brothers and Four Sisters That Would be considered a large Family to day yet large Families was very comon when I was a Boy one Family lived not far east had fifteen children another South West had sixteen a few Families had twelve others ten I knew several same as we had in our Home eight

I had one of the very Best of Mothers in every Sence of the word She was strictly a religious Woman a well receive exhorter in the Church quoting Scripture readily then pressing the necesity of living up to the requirement of truth admonishing young People to read The Bible and to gward against the eavles of the day -- dwelling much on the great hereafter' the rich Things in store for the Righteous She standing upright very straight in a plain old Fashon costume with a White shall and all ways a white cap with a modest plete or fold which gave Her a Lady like appearance = My parents partly raised two Girls when I was five years old They took a Girl by the Name of Jane Carter She proved to be a kind loving young Woman was a great help to Mother though Slender very Feminine took the White Plege and Died when I was seven -- Then They took another Girl the same year that Jenny Died by the name of Mary an McCatton She also Wanted a Home -- She was of a different disposition that of Jenny of a controling make up and of an uncommon buisy make up rather slow yet a great help and comfort to Mother She was with us continually till I was eleven then she went away and was Married to an old man and raised a Family -- then an old maid come from North Carolina by the name of Lujinda Mendenall a Christian Woman kind and loving that had a good influnce over me Staid till after Fathers Death

Then she married the man that built our Barn by the name of Phinuas Rich They moved to New London Indiana and raised a large Family

Mother in raising Her Family was a hard working Woman She manu- factured the cloth cut and made our garments spinning and weaving

Near my first work was to pull Flax We would commence at one of the Field commence to pull by hand full then lay it down then another hand full and lay it down do That way all day some times we would invite our neighbours to have a party Then we would go and help our neighbours have another frolic of course the flax straw had to undergo a rotting process in order to sepperate the Lint That was done by spreading on the ground in rows after laying flat on the ground for four or five week then it was bound in Bundles Put in the Barn or Shed to prepair it for use it was dried over a fire by having a frame work with Poles the flax placed on the poles over the fire Then we had to keep up a constant watch if it should ketch on fire woe to the flax after drying it was submitted to the flax Brak that consisted in Three Slats five feet long in a frame work then two slats fixed with hinges at the back end with the right hand you would work the Brake up and down hold the flax in the left hand as you give a quick jurk moving the Flax quick you soon break the little Stalks all to attoms leave the Lint The hackel board stood about 5 feet away That consisted of a flat Board very mooth and pollished on the end as That was planted fast in the ground up right Then the Man or Boy stood by the by the board with a hand full of the flax that had been all limbered up by braking process with hackel in hand The flax lying direct over the Board as you Strike the Fiber fast the Sepperation take place The Chaff from the Lint Then you have a nice article looks like human hair ready for use

Our good Mothers and Sisters took that lint fibre spun it with little wheels My Mother would spin till mid night when but a little Boy I could hear the Buz of our old wheel all times in the night That was the process to get ready for cloth onely way to get our summer clothing Shirts Pants and little coats Our woollen clothing was made at Home it is now a mistery to me how we had time to go to meeting yet we went to Meeting shure

I did not like the Linsey that Mother used to make for us Boys half wool and half Flax it would eritate and tickle my tender skin Then we had in those days all kind of Stck tites that would adhere to the Wool So much that it was a great bother to me at one time just South of the Acadamy their was a large old deadness or Thicket a Mat of Stick tites and Burrs About seven of us Boys was playing on the South one of the Boys jumped on top of a Log and Said I dair this croud to go with me through this Bur Patch at once I jumpe up on the Log I take that dair then another till the last one had taken the Dair Then we started direct acrooss the terable tragic -- for a while I led the way holden up my hands Soon I was litterly covered with stick tites Then I began to fall back allmost ready to cry then I would nerve up Then we would say come on we will go through I shall not forget wen we landed near the Acadamy the sun shining beutiful for a while not a word said Then we began to clear away rule off pick off the matted Conglomerate mess our wollen Linsey was stiff I had long hair burs and stick tites tickling my Neck After that I have allways been careful how I took a Dare -- In those days I had my pet Dogs naturally very fond of Dogs

Louisa Winslow Rush

A disconnected sketch of my life for the children

My Grand Father William Hiatt Son of Martha of North Carolina was married to Elizebeth Selgrove in 1798. Emigrated to Indiana in 1820. Settled in Wayne Co for afieu years were of Quaker parentage grand mother was a member until death Grand Father after suffering twice the Spoiling of his goods for not mustering, as it was called suffered himself to be disowned, but was in principle a friend, They came to Grant Co. about 1826, bringing a family of 12 children each taking a quarter section of farming land of the Government between Deer creek and Jonesboro on either side of the river My Fathers farm one mile South of Jonesboro

Joseph Winslow and Family of 8 children came two years later direct from Randolph Co, North Carolina grand mother Penninah Richard Winslow died at the age of 53 they took Farms along the little Stream, named by them, Backcreek, after their old home strem, of that name in N. Carolina taking each quarter section up to near Fairmount, we being in the midst of our relatives and having no reason to rove. I never was out of Grant Co. until I was 18 year old, and married.

My Earliest recollection there were Deer, wolves, bears, Coon, wild cat, Lynx, or panthers, Opossum, ground Hog, Squirrel, Otter, Beaver, Muskrat, and many other animals native here.

On one occasion Grand mother Winslow was at her daughters, Caroline Newlegs, to assist her during Sickness. they only lived 150 rods apart. So about Sundown, Grand mother started home and got turned round, or lost. as the timber and underbrush were very thick, she knew it was useless to go farther, until the sun arose. So she climbed some bushes, clad with Grapevines, and lodged for the night. no one was oneasy, as her folks at home supposed She had remained with her daughter and her dawghter supposed she was at home, so amidst the Biting of Mosquitoes and the growling of of wolves, she lodged, rather than slept, that night. the next morning the sun and little stream gave her an index to her home where she arrived alittle later.

At one time my mother was riding on horseback near the same place the horse became alittle restless and on looking up there lay a panther just eyeing them ready to make spring but did not attact them, one night our young dog treed one of those fellows resting on some haw bushes afiew rods from the hous. as soon as it was light enough my father took his gun and shot him when he took it by the hind legs its nose drug the ground

When Daniel Winslow (my Father) came to Indiana, there were no roads through the timber and it was very dificult getting across streams. So reaching the Mississinawa near its head, they made a raft and put their belongings on it and came down the river as far as where Jonesboro now stands, then going south west a little distance they came to a cabin ocupied by John Russell they stopped over night there, the next morning Father went to the

Spring to wash before breakfast, without hat or coat. there was very little snow on the ground, seeing Some Wild turkeys in the trees he ran got his gun to shoot one, they flew & run he chaseing until he lost his bearing and by this time the snow was melting until he could not follow his track, So in an immense woodland he took notice of the moss on the trees going a north west direction about four mile he came to the stream now known as deer creek. naturally supposing it would empty into the Mississinawa he followed it down to the river and then up to where they had left their raft and from there back to the cabin by two in the afternoon quite ready for his breakfast. The folks were just starting out to hunt him when he came in, so rejoiced that the lost was found

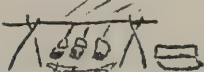
My Granfather William Hiatt was born in North Carolina the 18 of 8 mo in the year 1775, died at my Fathers when I was twelve year old he was nearly 80 years old. I do not remember of seeing either of my grand mothers, as I was only 2 years old when they died, near the same age, grand father Winslow was 82 years old when he died at the home of his youngest Son with whom he had made his home for many years. My Father was 77 years and 10 months, and Mother, 55 years and 10 mo. old, at death.

There were 7 children of my mothers, two dieing in infancy, 4 older and 2 younger than me at this writing 10th mo 10th 1904 only myself and a half sister remain alive. Father married twice after my mothers death. Ellen Hillman Avilas mother only lived with him two year dieing when Avila was nine months old he then married Martha Rush, widow of one Duncan Rush of North Carolina, who lived six years longer than my Father


Our home of 160 acres of heavy timbered land was entered of the Government, and I now have the Deed framed, and signed by Andre Jackson, on the 10 day of february, 1895, making Father and Mother the owners thereof, which right they held until their Demise, and about 60 acres of it is in my name now, my first recollection we had a cabin 24 feet square with big fireplace stairs in one corner with garret above two small windows above and below, two beds down stairs and two low beds above. The fireplace had a crane to hang kettles on it swung out and in, we did our cooking in pots baking in ovens and skillets on the hearth putting coals under, also on the lids. for supper, we generally had mush, and milk. corn meal was mutch cheaper than flour. indeed wheat bread was a rarity, until I was 10 year old.

The woods furnished goosburies, plumbs, onions crabapples nuts, as well as sasafra and other delicacies for variety. and had it not have been, for climatic conditions causeing Ague and fevers (until after the country was cleared and ditched) we should have had many blessings, which were not realized, as so many were sick and died. during the times of malignant fever when I was four years old we had a hewn log house put up two stories high and sealed with dressed lumber two bedrooms and Sitting room down stairs this remained until one year after I was married then the brick followed and by this time most of the farm was cleared of its heavy timber.

at my first recolection, we only had two fields, the little one of three acres contained the orchard, the big field had seven acres and that was all we had to grow stuff on. we made our sugar from maple trees every spring had big

kettles hung so  killed meat from game in the woods. often

we could see six or eight deer in a drove in the clearing, besides turkeys, pleasants, pidgeon, quail, and rabbits were plentiful & we had squirrel any old time, My Father had an old flint lock gun and was a good shot. He tanned his own leather made the shoes of the family, one pair each was supposed to keep us shod for the winter, we sowed flax, pulled it, rotted, broke, hackled, dressed it then Mother spun and wove cloth, made sheets, table linen, towels, shirts, pants, and dresses, and from wool and cotton I learned to spin, weave, knit. we made all our bedding and wearing apparel for all the house hold. it was the mottoe in our family that Satan finds mischief for Idle hands. So we were all kept busy. One year after the farm was some larger, Father sowed six acres of wheat, but the ground was low, and a wet winter smothered most of the wheat. Father cut part of it, then told sister and I we might have all we would cut, there being some scattering heads in bunches over the field, we only had one reap hook,

like this, , and Asenath took that, and I, armed with a butcher knife,

went to the field on a hot July day to cut wheat. I only got 1 doz. small bundles Sister done better, I Sold mine to Father for 25 cts I so wanted a stran of beads that Thomas Jay had in his store and that was the price of them, that was the first mony I had ever worked and recieved pay for. My next effort was making maple syrup After all day, in the woods carrying water, making fires, boiling down to syrup, I started for home with the precious sweet, having planned many times over how I should spend it but in crossing a little stream, my foot slipped, and in I went, and down the strem went by Syrup, but not all of life was spent thus, we had the privilege of going to school three or four months each year, we could study any thing the Teacher could teach, only being circumscribed by Books and the Teachers knowlege. We learned to read, write, spell, Geography, a little grammar, and philosophy, with all the tricks each other new, we haled with delight the spelling bees, applecutting log rollings quiltings, woolpickings, barn or house raisings, all gatherings where the older people would leave us youngsters to have a gaily time and get acquainted with any new neighbors, who might have moved in, and many were the puzzles and Riddles told on those occasions along with Popcorn and Taffa. We did not know but our lot was with the best but at those gatherings, most every one was my cousin, until our associations was widened to other settlements as Back creek, Marion, and Deercreek, and then courtship commenced, but I was fortunately guarded in making my choice of companion for life, and not until I had sought and recieved the

approval of the Heavenly Father, did I consent to undertake lifes journey with another, and many have been the times since then that it was well to halt, and ask counsel of him who cares, and doeth not will that any should perish,

I was early learned to believe and trust the blessed Savior as the one that Saves from Sin. and in early childhood I sought his favor, but not until after death came in my own home did I fully Surrender to be what he wants me to be, it was in the 20th year of my life, or rather on my 21 birth day I surrendered to Him after we had laid my first born in her mother earth, Fiew and evil have been the years of my pilgrimage but if I had my life to live over again I would take Him who said (Come unto me all ye that labor and or heavy laden and I will give you rest,) to be the man of my counsel, tremblingly, lest I be overtaken in a fault, and make a worse failure than any I have passed over so far.

I was about 10 or 11 year old when frinds at Jonesboró first started a Sabbath School, that was my place of going to meeting, my mother was a devoted Christian and often had me to read the Bible to her as soon as I could read, as she only learned to read after she was married beng on the frontier she only went to school four months, and then went two miles in winter through the woods with deep snows and no roads. My Father was more fortunate, having been raised in an older settlement, he could read, write and cipher as far as the rule of three in Talberts old arithmetic, both being devoted friends we always went to all meetings held in our meeting house.

Our first school house was made when I was seven years old, made of hewn logs, on the inside chinked with sticks and clay, with two little windows lights 8 by 10, 8 lights to a window, a box stove in the center of a 25 foot room benches made of slabs split from logs, four pins stuck in holes made with an augur was our seats, they were so tall that we little chaps could not rest our feet on the floor, and we sometimes got restless and aleg woul fall out, and over the bench would go, but without lean back or foot rest we were supposed to sit quietly from 8 in the morning until 5 in the evening, except when we wer called to recite we stood in a row, taking turns in whatever the lesson might be, tripping each other, generally leaving the one who had done best at the head or no. 1.

My first real grief came when I was eight years old, Almeda Townsand, my school mate, sickened and died, They said she kept calling for me, during her brief sickness my regret being I did not get to see her and hear what she wished to tell me, our school hous was equipped with one writing desk made of a wide plank fastened to the west side of the room, black-boards came in some years later, students took turns writing, our pens were made of goos quill we picked up after the goose shed them, then the teachers, with what we knew as pen knife, made us pens, later we were favored with writing schools, and a very fiew lectures, my aspirations were

to attend Earlham college, but about the time I should have gone the war of the rebellion broke out, and for fear Nixon would go to the war and never get home again I consented to an early marriage a few months before I was 18 years old, as Nixon promised not to go, we were married according to friends manner and ceremony, I took Nixon Rush to be my husband, until death shall separate us, and at this date 1904, we have been married 43 years have one daughter in heaven, three daughters and three sons on earth, are comfortably living in the home first entered by Nixons parents, and where we have lived for more than 40 years, we lived a part of the house with his mother and Step Father for 16 years mother dying, Father went to live with his daughter Sarah Cammack, we are now living with our son, Walter, and wife, Elizabeth. the house has been remodeled but stands on the same hill, and is called Rush Hill, on Rush Street in Grant Co. Fairmount Indiana

When first married we moved to a wet farm, in an unfinished house, very cold, plenty of rooms, but not one finished, no carpet, the war being on prices advanced, until we scarcely bought any thing to eat, or more, one dollar's worth of sugar, at six cts. a lb, lasted us six months. then we made maple sugar, near 100 lbs the following fall, we made sorghum too we lived sweet, I spun yarn for stockings, knit them and spun and had jeans woven, also made the chain for our first carpet, also spun and wove some blankets, The second winter our first little one Axelina came to brighten our home She was a graceful child, lived with us two years and two months, then took measles, croup set in, and in one short night, she left us. The Heavenly Father transplanted her in Paradise and Oh, how empty our home did seem, no little one to dote upon, but we were made to realize she was not ours, only lent to us for a little time, to draw our thoughts to things above, and to Him who we then learned to love and worship her funeral was on the sixth of March, my 21st birthday. on the fourth of the next July, Myra came to live with us, the war closed that year, and we had moved to live in part of the house with Nixons mother, having bought the farm she reserving some rights, after another year she married Thomas Jay, so there were two families of us in the old home, The first railroad and steam cars I ever saw was the next year after I was married, we hauled our wheat to Wabash to sell, and as it was customary for ladies to accompany their husbands on such trips, I went along, camping out at night as it took two days to make the trip we generally done some trading as well as had an outing and seen the sights, the cars were a great wonder to us then, but since the steam, and electric, cars are so common now, the telegraph, and telephone right at hand, people are not lonesome anymore

but during the war we had many sad scenes to pass through, The country was invaded by keoclux, and Nights of the golden circle, with designing and evil men, threatening all union men and property. The War lasting so much longer than was supposed would be necessary to put down the rebellion there were two drafts in Grant county for men to fill the required number in the army the last draft took Nixons name but the regiment

was filled just before his name was called we had arranged to pay the \$300⁰⁰ for his release, but did not have it to pay, the war closing there were many calls for aid which we always listened to with Sympathetic hearts, having labored hard and receiving the blessing of the Lord many has been the times we have proved the truth of this Saying it is more blessed to give than to receive, we began speaking in meeting near the same time, but having my hands full with the children I deferred making any arrangements to preach, giving the preference to my husband until the Church said I should preach, I had been put in office of elder when I was 27 years old, and was recorded a minister at 38 year of age, and while I have been hindered many times I have not willfully disobeyed the Lord since then, and in reference to my duty as a wife and mother I have been careless and made mistakes and yet I hope, by the Grace and Mercy of God, to stand approved, since I have appealed to Him, that His Richesness might cover my imperfections, and by his grace, I now stand acquitted before him, Bless His Holy Name.


Going back to my childhood as a daughter in a well to do family I was brought up to the rule, that work was honorable for all, our work changed with the different seasons of the year, women helping in the field in corn-planting usually dropping the corn in the check made by the plow - three and four grains at a time, while some man or boy followed with hoe to cover up, there were so many stumps that planters would have been useless, if there had been any to use, so the seasons crop was planted, a good dropper could keep up with the horse and keep two hoes busy. planting from 6 to 8 acres in one day, we were in the field as soon as day made light and worked as long as we could see the checks. when paid for sutch work, we got 25 cts. for dropping and men got 50 cts. but neighbors often swapped work, and then we got no pay, we got 25 cts for doing a family washing, and from 50 cts to \$1.00 for a week doing all kinds of housework and then fared as a member of the family, My mother was a lame woman, and being heavy was not able to do house work. So we always had a hired girl to help with the spinning, in the Summer until we girls were grown up. Sallie Newby, Margaret Wilson, Ann Maria Laurence, and Lacy Ann McCormac, were the ones I well remember as helps in the home of my childhood, Sister Nancy was married to Axum Newby when I was 11 years old they had 11 children two dieing in infancy, and two as young women Axum and seven children are still living most of them in California, Sister died one year ago, at Whittier California I and your Father stayed two or three months with them in the winter of 1902 and 1903, of which visit we carry many beautiful memories, but now I am the only one of my mothers children left. I have a half sister a daughter of my Father by his second wife, Avila Winslow Fowler. she lives in Jonesboro, my brothers, Allen and Aaron, both died in their 36th year leaving widows with small children. most of them still living, and honest Christian people Sallie Winslow Stephens, a daughter of my oldest brother, was a Missionary, in India, for 25 years, is now in America, to educate their daughters, My Sister, Asenath, to whom I was most closely bound of any of my family, on account of age and environment, was not married until long after I was,

and was often in the home with me, married David Whitson who died and left her with a son four years old. he lived to be 20 year died of consumption contracted from working in heated shops, and then taking long rides after night to attend lodge his mother only survived him one year having a scrofulous ulcer that run her life blood out.

After David Whitsons death, Asenath married Quincy Baldwin, who lived a few years after her death, Sister was converted when about 21 years old, and was very strong in Christian integrity, and to me as well as many others was a good councilor and life seemed lonely when her welcome visits were over. but such is life, and again our ranks have been broken into by the promotion of brother Calvin Rush who has just been laid away this 1904

It seems as if I can hardly keep back to the time of my childhood but once more I will go to my earliest recollection, when only two years old, my mother was very Sick, and I by some means become fretted and began to cry and that you may know my stubborn disposition I recollect Father taking me to the hog pen and telling me he would give me to the hogs if I did not hush but still I cried he put me in and took me out and still I cried until overcome I fell asleep, an old Aunt told me this but I well recollected the hogpen part my first school teacher was Susan Ratliff the school at Jonesboro when in school one day I became fretted Susan Set me by some boys and I roared nor could she get me to hush until released for home,

Some of our childish sports consisted of bending bushes, almost strong enough to raise up with us, then giving a Spring we had many ride, another was to chop a small tree leaving a pin on the top of the stump then taking a

pole with a hole near the middle to fit the pin  We had a swinging Jack

on which several could ride similar to a merrygoaround of today, but of course there was nothing to pay, those with the hickory barck and grapevine Swings & playhouses carpeted with lovely moss from old trees, fallen in the woods in winter baptizing our comrades with snow from leafy bushes coasting, hunting nuts walnut hickory hazel and acorns filled in with many other sports known only to children grown up in the wild woods early childhood was passed all too soon and with many others we almost wish for a brief return to childhood scenes again

When my father and mother first met mother was a handsom young woman rather dressy or considered so by the friends, the only meeting near them was backcreek, a traveling friend came there to meeting one day and mother was there the minister remarked to some one he would not give a fip and a bit for that girl but as they rode home mother rode alongside of him asking some questions about the Scripture and the Church 'he went to one of my uncles to dinner and again remarked about Rebecca Hiatt saying this time I would give two fips and a bit for that young woman, when Father and Mother had finished their courtship they sent in writing their intention of marriage to

Richmond, Ind, as there was no monthly meeting nearer, and at the next monthly meeting they rode on horseback to pass meeting, then were married at backcreek the next week to pass meeting at that date they were required to go into the mens part of the house taking each other by the hand say publicly I take R _____ to be my wife then she I take this my friend D.W. to be my husband then passing into the womans apartment say the same in their presence and if there was no objection ofered they were so united and the marriage allowed to be consumated, when we were married this ceremony had been passed upon as not necessary John Smith and Mary Ann Smith our near neighbors were the first granted a license after the county was organized So it could occur, they were married about the same time of fathers and mother wedding

I went to Aunt Sallie Hiatts across the river from our home to play one afternoon we played on the Sand bars of the river hunting mud turtle eggs found lots of them some were nearly ready to hatch and some seemed fresh but we were afraid they were snake eggs so did not cook them, they lay about fourteen round white eggs in a hole in the sand and then cover them with Sand, we found them by their tracks

Grandfather and my uncles placed large rocks across a shallow place in the river making stepping stones to cross the river on, when the water was low, when the water was up, we had canoes we often took canoe rides on the river in those days useing poles to push and paddles as well

but us little people thought wading was fine as we never were cumbered with shoes in warm weather, There were great quantities of fish in all the streams, and our folks had a seine for special occasions, besides Father had a dip net for fishing in winter they cut a hole largenough to drop the net generally where the stream was narrow then some drove the fish by stamping the Ice until the net was full and lifting it out you had them, us children used hook and line catching many a mess of minnows or catfish if we went at night which we often done, and it almost makes my mouth water, to write about then, when mother fried them a good brown for breakfast they were delicious

Father would often gig a mess of Bass or pike with a gig like this

those fish would not bite a hood and would shy a net, our team of horses were two old grays Jack and Fan, some times fan raised a colt when I had the whooping caught very bad they gave me some of old fans milk to drink thinking it good medicine for my cough, we also had a yoke of oxen to draw logs and tramp mud to make brick, we had hogs and afiew sheep but we had to keep them penned from the wolves, one night the sheep was left in the field and the wolves came and killed about half the flock, so the neighbors went wolf hunting, and brought in two gray wolves, and a fox. Some times the wolves got the little pigs too, and we children were careful not to leave older people in the dark was their time to hunt small game, but none of our neighbors lost any of their children, at leas there was generally a good supply left

Nixon Rush

A Tribute by
Anna Freeman,
a teacher and member
of the Friends Church.

Read February 1, 1915
Fairmount Friends Church
Fairmount, Indiana

D.W. Lawrence,
League City.
Texas.

8-28-1920.

Nixon Rush

"Know ye not that a prince and a great man hath this day fallen in Israel."

Nixon Rush, son of Iredell and Elizabeth Bogue Rush, was born March 30, 1836, on what is now known as Rush Hill farm.* The farm was entered in 1831 by his father, who erected thereon the first house between this section of the country and Alexandria. Here Nixon grew to manhood and here he has lived the greater part of his life, coming into possession of the farm subsequent to his father's death. He completed the building of the present house which his father had begun.

He received what education the pioneer schools provided, and throughout life has followed the vocation of farming, which his ancestors before him from early colonial days had pursued.

Left without a father at the early age of fifteen, he bravely undertook for his mother, whom he loved most tenderly, the hard labor attendant upon pioneer life, in clearing away the forests, draining the swamps, establishing a community interest in improving the homes and lives of the settlers that ultimately has led to the habitable, happy land of plenty which we have today.

* Near Fairmount, Grant
County, Ind.

His adventurous spirit led him in early youth to take a journey into the far West, where none but Indians inhabited the plains. With a company of older men, Dr. Alpheus Henley being one of the company, he faced dangers from starvation, disease and capture or death by the Indians. A grievous illness occurring away out there on the Santa Fe trail gave a serious turn to his mind and was influential in his return home and in his adopting the Christian life.

On October 21, 1861, Nixon Rush was married to Louisa Winslow, daughter of Daniel and Rebecca Hiatt Winslow, of Grant county, an unusually fitting and happy union which was only changed by her death on May 24, 1911. To them were born seven children, the oldest, Axelina, dying in infancy, leaving six, namely, Elmira, Emma J., Walter W., Olive R., Calvin C. and Charles E., who are present today for this last hour with their father.

And what shall be said of the home established by Nixon and Louisa Rush? Here was one in which first of all God was honored and in which, therefore, love abounded to the full. Hand in hand and heart to heart together they wrought, and we are all witnesses of the years full of beauty and sincerity of service and hospitality, of neighborly kindnesses and liberality which have

radiated throughout our community and beyond from that center of warmth and gladness. Into what home has not those rays of cheer penetrated? Or who has not sat at Nixon and Louisa's fireside to hear words of comfort and advice? Into what heart has not some message come from God at their hands? So closely were these two united in the maintenance of such a home, and in the service of the Master, that it is difficult to think of the life of one separate from the other. As a father, Nixon Rush was exceedingly gentle in his home, with a tender thoughtfulness for every member of his family in each little concern of all. He never forgot to greet each one pleasantly with terms of endearment, nor to express thankfulness for each small favor. He had a happy way of creating a sunny atmosphere and of leaving a warm glow in each one's heart.

Nixon Rush was a birthright member of Friends, and throughout life consistently maintained the faith of the early Quakers. He was recorded a minister in 1869, and for more than forty years has preached the gospel. Accompanied for the most part by his wife, also a minister, he traveled in many states for the purpose of holding meetings, making visits of encouragement into homes of Friends and others, praying

with the sick or aged, and with those in out-of-the-way places seldom visited by Friends. One of these journeys took them as far as Cuba, where they had acceptable service in the mission stations there. They have been instrumental in founding and helping to found several meetings in outlying places, usually beginning in school houses. Vermillion is one of these meetings. So zealous were they for their Master that no hardship seemed too great to be undertaken, and in the early days it meant hardship to get to their various appointments though they counted it not hardship, but all joy to work for the Savior of men. Such braving of difficulties from love of those who were hungry for the gospel could not fail of its effect in the lives of those who saw. Perhaps it can safely be said that no other persons of this community have ever visited so many meetings, so many private homes, so many sick and distressed, or delivered so many gospel sermons with such remarkable results as Nixon and Louisa Rush, and that, too, utterly without self-seeking and with all humbleness of heart.

Besides this work in other fields Nixon Rush has been, by virtue of his righteous life, a leader of Friends in Fairmount meeting. For many years he has been head of the Monthly meet-

ing, which position as head of Women Friends his mother had held from the time the meeting was set up until her death in 1877. From the decease of Mahlon Harvey, in 1905, Nixon Rush has been nominal head of Fairmount Quarterly meeting.

He has always been interested in whatever would be an uplift in an educational or religious way for the community. So was he a public spirited man. For years he has been an honorary member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and his influence was always exerted for the advancement of the cause of temperance. He had contributed to the building of every Protestant church in town. Perhaps the students of Fairmount Academy hardly realize how much they owe to Nixon Rush for their exceptional educational advantages. His gentleness and tender sympathy fitted him for officiating at numberless funerals where his services were requested. To all who knew him there was an enduring charm to his personality, a peace of God in his face that attracted all who saw. The community at large can not yet comprehend what a blessing to each one has been the life and services of this guileless man.

He drew many beautiful lessons from nature, of which he was a great lover,

reading the Creator's message in the rocks and flowers, trees and animals. Once, in a sermon, he was heard to tell the following story: "In my young days I preached a sermon to myself, though at a time when I was not a Christian. I was away out on the plains, following the trail alone far from any human habitation. I came across a rosebush in full bloom, a beautiful thing growing on the sunny side of a great rock. I said aloud, 'O, beautiful roses, why have you opened your blossoms away out here on the plains where no human eye can see and admire your loveliness, where the buffalo may tread you down, or the elk feed upon your tender buds, where no one may enjoy your beauty and fragrance?' Then I said, 'Nixon Rush, why is thee away out here on the plains, far from human habitation, following the trail with thy gun on thy shoulder looking only for game? What good art thou doing for others? There is other game for thee to seek.' I have never forgotten that sermon. It has meant much in shaping my life."

And so full has been the life of this good man of the joy of God's salvation, and so full his thoughts of holy things, that when, at last, unconsciousness seized upon him, he yet would repeat precious texts of Scripture that had

comforted him in days of trial or in times of rejoicing.

After some weeks of illness, which developed into pneumonia, he quietly slipped away in the early morning of January 30, 1915, aged 78 years and 10 months, leaving two sisters, Milicent Haisley and Mary Carter, as the only representatives of his father's family.

And now, Nixon Rush is no more!

These words awe us into silence, and we can but sit thinking—thinking while memories crowded thick and fast, while a subtle influence like a benediction from a calm and holy life steals over us, and we can almost hear, "And now we do thank Thee, our kind Heavenly Father,"—thinking how we shall miss his helpful suggestions and words of counsel,—thinking how we shall ever be able to readjust ourselves to this hardly realized fact.

For more than seventy years we have been permitted to have him and love him for our own, and now God has loved him more and wants us to learn to be strong.

It was easy to think good thoughts when Nixon Rush was by. It was pleasant to "talk religion" with him. It was a conviction for neglect or thoughtlessness to have him tenderly ask, "Does thee read thy Bible every day?" or, "Is thee happy in thy religious

experience this morning?"

The sadness which the knowledge of his passing away will bring to many Friends in many meetings, in many places of our country will be commensurate no doubt with the good that he has wrought for those Friends in visits of encouragement, sermons of goodwill and prayers for Divine favor. And yet the sadness shall not be without the gladness that he had wanted to come their way.

It seems that the keynote of his life was his unbounded faith in God, which found wide expression in all his various life activities. He would take no account of income, saying that if he would but do his part God would provide for him, and so, he always had plenty.

Furthermore it found expression in his love for all people and for the equality of mankind, for he never regarded any person of whatever race or in whatever station of life as other than his brother, and so in whatever presence he was unaffected on the one hand and on the other unafraid.

Because of this unbounded faith he lived his life with a purpose, and now we have seen with our eyes the development of that purposeful life from its beginning till its close in abundant fruition and the wonderful holy purpose fulfilled.

We dare not draw aside the veil of eternity to picture what is there lest with our earthly vision we misconceive what there await the people of God. But we believe that Nixon Rush has entered upon his Great Reward. His was a finished life, a purpose wrought, a peaceful end and hope fulfilled. It is fitting to close this summary at this sad time with his own words spoken a few days before his death, "We are told to do so and we must 'rejoice evermore.'"

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